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THE PARTING HOUR.

BY F. M.

Not, yet, dear love, not yet; the sun is light;
You said last night, "At sunset I will go"
Come to the garden, where, when blossoms die
No word is spoken, it is better so;
Ah! bitter word "Farewell."

Hark! how the birds sing sunny songs of Spring!
Soon they will build, work will silence them;
So we grow less light-hearted as years bring
Life's grave responsibilities—and then
The bitter word "Farewell."

The violets fret to fragrance 'neath your feet;
Heaven's gold sunlight dreams aslant your hair;
No flower for me! your mouth is far more sweet.
Oh, let my lips forgot, while lingering there,
Love's bitter word "Farewell."

Sunset already! Have we sat so long?
The parting hour, and so much left unsaid!
The garden has grown silent—void of song.
Our sorrow shakes us with a sudden dread:
Ah! bitter word "Farewell!"

THE RUBY RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TORA THRONE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "A GOLDEN DAWN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

ROCKBOURNE HOUSE, the mansion of the Carews, had been prepared for the reception of Sir Carlos and Lady Carew. The young Baronet had protested at first; he said he did not care for the London season, did not like balls and parties; he preferred outdoor sports to the Opera.

"My dearest mother," he had cried in remonstrance, "why should I spend the lovely months of May and June in London? Firholme is at its best then; London has no charm for me."

She told him his position demanded the sacrifice. He must do as other men of his rank and standing did—attend the levees, visit, and cultivate the acquaintance of those in high places.

"Some day," said his mother, "you may want to be what many of the Carews have been, a statesman. The life of a country Baronet may not always content you; you must make friends in society. Believe me, Carlos, in this case it will be wise for you to comply with the wishes of others."

"Would not next year do as well, mother?" he asked.

How earnestly she hoped he was not going to kiss her and caress her into complying with his wishes! When his handsome face and splendid dark eyes were bent upon her, she knew her own weakness and powerlessness to resist.

"Now do not try to coax me, Carlos!" she exclaimed piteously. "Next year will not do. Who knows what may happen before next year comes?"

As her words died away the roar of the waterfall could be clearly heard in the silence.

"What a dismal noise the water is making this evening!" she said, with a slight shudder, looking anxiously at her son. "Now, Carlos, I may consider the matter settled. We will not go until May, and we will return at the end of June. You must see every phase of life, and ours is but a quiet one."

So it was arranged that they should go to London, and Rockbourne House was prepared for them. Even gentle Lady Carew, after her long seclusion, felt some delight at mixing again with the gay world, and, though she had her tall son by her side, she still looked so young and so beautiful that she became more popular than some of the youngest beauties.

Mother and son were received with open arms, and Sir Carlos found there was quite another side to life. He was too energetic and impetuous ever to become a carpet knight. A gallop over the breezy downs or a day with the hounds had a greater charm for him than ball-room or Opera; but he could not help admitting to himself that there were great attractions in London.

He enjoyed a visit to the strangers' gallery in the House of Commons, where he listened to some of the most eloquent men of the day. He never wearied of the wonderful streets; he admired the grand old Abbey, and was enthusiastic over St. Paul's. He liked Hyde Park with its brilliant show of beautiful women. He thought the levee he attended one of the grandest sights that could be seen; and his boyish heart—for he was a boy at heart—thrilled with emotion when the Prince of Wales spoke kindly to him and detained him for a few minutes in conversation. He enjoyed the Opera and the balls to which he was invited; and he found himself wonderfully popular. Belgravian matrons do not every day find a prize—a handsome young Baronet, with a rent roll of ten thousand per annum, a magnificent estate, and a house in town.

The Duchess of Welde, with her bevy of fair daughters, was in town; and Lady Dagmar Evesham showed a greater preference for Sir Carlos' society than she had shown before.

Lady Carew and the Duchess were on the most affectionate terms, and her Grace had spoken plainly to Lady Carew. It would be very pleasing to her, she said, if a marriage could be arranged between Sir Carlos and any of her daughters.

Lady Carew laughed, and told her that her son was perhaps behind the age, but that at present he had not evinced the least interest in love or even in ladies' society.

"Love will come in time," said the Duchess benignly. "I am afraid, dear Lady Carew, that you have in some measure spoiled him."

She little knew with how keen a pang those words pierced the mother's heart.

The Duchess' daughters were fair and graceful; but, as her Grace knew, fresh beauties sprang up every year, and it was desirable to get them married. She almost considered that she had a claim on Sir Carlos. Lady Dagmar flirted with him, sang to him pretty love songs that never touched his heart, and wore his favorite colors and flowers; but all the smiles and wiles of Lady Dagmar were in vain.

One of the great artists painted Sir Carlos' portrait that season, and it was hung in the picture-gallery at Firholme. Before he had been long in town, Sir Carlos had acquired all the grace and polish of one who mixes in the most exclusive circles; and his mother was prouder than ever of him. He was at that age when young men do one of two things—either look down with supreme contempt upon love, as something to be attended to by and by, or plunge headlong into one of the wildest and maddest of passions. Lady Carew did not know whether to rejoice or be sorry at his insensibility to the fairest of Eve's daughters.

When Sir Carlos had done all that could be expected in the way of visiting and hospitality, it was time to return to Firholme.

He had amongst many others, made one friend whom he liked much, Lord Stanleigh of Hatton, a young nobleman who had succeeded to his title when very young, and who spent the greater part of his time on his beautiful estate of Hatton.

The two young men formed a close friendship, and, when Sir Carlos had taken Lady Carew back to Firholme, he went to Hatton to spend some weeks. Lord Stanleigh was not married; his aunt Lady Lees presided over his household and entertained his guests. It was Liberty Hall in every sense of the word. Lady Lees was a shrewd and diplomatic woman; she never interfered with her nephew. If he gave a grand dinner party, she presided over it, remained for an hour or two in the drawing-room, and then discreetly disappeared. She was too wordly-wise ever to make her presence an infliction.

Lord Stanleigh had invited rather a large party to Hatton—Sir Charles and Lady Dayrell, Captain Hooker, Sir Harry Toft, Major De Burghe, Mr. and Mrs. Hope-Huntly, and Sir Carlos.

"The worst of it is," Lord Stanleigh said to Sir Carlos, "being a bachelor, I cannot ask any pretty girls; the ladies must all be matrons."

"I hope we are going to have something more amusing than any girls," replied Sir Carlos, with a smile of contempt.

Lord Stanleigh looked at him and laughed.

"You will sing another song and tell another story soon," he said. "I am sorry for you if you have resisted the fascinations of pretty girls until now. All I can say is that, when you do fall, your fall will be tremendous."

"I am content to wait," returned the master of Firholme, looking calmly at his companion. "I have never had much patience with the nonsense talked about love and lovers. If ever I meet a woman like my mother in face, in character, and disposition, I will marry her. I shall know no love until then."

"O wise two-and-twenty!" laughed Lord Stanleigh. "I would not mind staking Hatton and my whole fortune with it that your first love will be the very opposite of your mother in every respect."

"You are quite mistaken, and you know nothing at all about it. Now do talk about something more interesting."

"I am only human," said Lord Stanleigh; "and I must confess that I find the topic of love and pretty girls a very pleasant one."

"I do not," replied Sir Carlos. "Where are you going this morning, Harry?"

"I have several things to do. The steward and two or three of my tenants are coming to see me; so I must remain at the Hall. What will you do?"

"I should like a stroll through these grand old woods of yours. If there is one thing I like more than another, it is a forest ramble in summer time. Your friends will not think me unsociable, I hope."

"They are all pleasing themselves. Why should you not do the same?" said Lord Stanleigh, as he turned towards the path that led back to the house. "You cannot lose yourself, Carlos. If you go straight through the woods, you will come out on the high-road to Armytage, our country town. I hope you will enjoy your walk. Au revoir."

"I am sure I shall," replied Sir Carlos, as he walked on through the sunlight to his fate.

CHAPTER VI.

PEOPLE often wondered and asked from whom Maggie Waldron had inherited her beautiful face. Her father John Waldron, the land-steward and agent of Lord Stanleigh, was a commonplace man, active and industrious, and possessing a certain amount of talent, but without the least approach to anything in the way of goods. How came he to have a daughter whose beauty bewildered those who looked upon her? Surely no quiet Englishwoman was the mother of that witching girl! If John Waldron had told the story of his life, it would have been found like many others—a story of years of slowly struggling and monotonous work, with one year of fierce passionate love. There was a hidden romance in his life, now buried far out of sight—some story of a beautiful gipsy girl who had left her people to follow him and had died within the year.

He never alluded to it; and, when people spoke of the wonderful loveliness of his daughter, he thought of that one year which had been like heaven on earth to him and said nothing. He had not had much education, but he understood the management of landed property, was industrious, honest, and trustworthy; therefore Lord Stanleigh had chosen him as his agent, and had been more than pleased by the manner in which he discharged his duties.

John Waldron had made no attempt at bringing up his daughter himself. He had entrusted her while she was quite young to the care of his sister, who had brought her up, educated her, and kept her until her death. When his sister died, John Waldron's daughter came home, and no one was more astonished than he himself at her wonderful beauty. The girl had been in some measure ruined by her education, which had been on the "genteel" principle. She had not been taught so much the difference between right and wrong, as between what the mistress of the school she had attended considered genteel or the reverse.

John Waldron was never quite at ease with his beautiful daughter. If she had lived with him from her childhood, it would have been different; but she did not come to him until she was nearly seventeen; and he was not one of those men who give to a child the idolatrous love lavished on a wife.

It seemed strange to him at first to see the graceful figure flitting about his house, to hear the bright snatches of song and the trills of silvery laughter, to see little feminine ornaments lying here and there. He never attempted in any way to direct or shape her life; she would marry some day, he supposed, and in the meantime she could keep house for him. He wanted his breakfast ready at seven in the morning and his supper at nine at night; he exacted no more. She could spend the intervening hours as she pleased. He did hope for one thing, and it was that, when the time came for love and marriage, she would say nothing to him, nor give him trouble in any way about it.

John Waldron lived in a small house belonging to Lord Stanleigh which was situated to the south of the Hatton woods and not far from the county town of Armytage. Lord Stanleigh had not as yet seen his steward's beautiful daughter; but Lord Stanleigh's valet had seen and fallen in love with her.

"It was no great conquest," thought Maggie, "the heart of a valet;" and she tossed her pretty head in disdain.

If she had learned nothing else during the course of a genteel education, she had at least learned the value of a beautiful face; and she knew that there were few more beautiful than hers.

Hiram West, Lord Stanleigh's valet, never spoke to any one of the treasure he had found in the small house near the woods; but he loved the girl with a love that was almost terrible in its force and strength. He knew that John Waldron was generally from home, and that Maggie was there alone with the old servant Jean-

nette; so there were few days on which he did not contrive to pass by the house to leave presents of fruit or flowers for Maggie. If she were lingering in the garden, he stopped and talked to her. Vainty beautiful Maggie laughed at him; still, the heart of a valet, she reflected, was better than nothing, the homage of a valet better than no homage at all.

She never deceived him—never pretended to be even in the least degree touched by his affection; but the man loved her with a grim, determined, obstinate love that could never change, a love that, from its intensity, its stern bitter jealousy, would have frightened any girl who understood human nature.

In Maggie there was a certain amount of ambition and passion; but all her finer impulses had been smothered by the genteel element in which she had been educated.

Maggie Waldron awoke one July morning on which the dawn of a tragedy broke, feeling more light hearted than usual.

She loved the early morning hours, and liked to open the windows and doors to let the fresh, fragrant air fill the house. Her father ate his breakfast and went away.

It was not much after seven, and before her lay the whole of a long, idle day. There was nothing to do, and no one to see; she must amuse herself in the best way she could.

"I wish," said the girl to herself, "that I had a sister, or a little dog, or anything to love or talk to or amuse myself with."

By-and-by Maggie went out. There was more companionship in the woods where the birds were singing than in the empty house where the old servant was at work.

She wore a dress of pale pink print and a broad brimmed hat with a wreath of pink roses. She knew she was beautiful, but she did not know what a lovely picture she made as she went singing merrily along the path that led to the woods.

After walking some distance, she felt tired, and went to rest in the very heart of the woods. She took off her hat to let the wind play in the masses of her dark silky hair.

Near where she sat grew some poppies; the pink roses in her hat looked faded and insignificant beside the crimson flowers, so she wreathed the poppies in their place, laughing gaily as she did so.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the grass. The girl did not notice it at first, for the great boughs as they stirred in the breeze often made such shadows; but it grew larger. Then she raised her eyes, and saw standing before her a handsome young man, hat in hand.

"I have lost my way," he said. "Could you tell me how to find the nearest path to the high road?"

In one moment the whole course of the young heir's life was changed. A poet says, "Love is no love unless it comes at once."

As he stood there with commonplace words on his lips, the swift arrow of first love pierced his heart.

He had seen beautiful women—some of the fairest girls in England had sought to please him—but this was the first time he had ever looked at a woman's face and had been unable to take his eyes away.

He did not ask who she was, he did not wonder whence she came. He stood looking at her with the intent gaze of one who was charmed.

Only a minute had elapsed since he had entered this glade where the shade was so cool and the wind so sweet, and already his life lay far behind him.

He had never been refused any wish or desire in his life; why should he begin to practice self-denial now? He ought to have listened to Maggie's answer and have passed on.

As it was, he stood still, feeling that he could not move away.

He recovered himself with a start when the girl spoke, her dark laughing eyes looking into his.

"The nearest path that leads to Armytage? It is certainly not this way. It is quite half a mile from here."

"In that case," he said, "I will rest for a few minutes before I try to reach it. I have been walking for some hours, and I am tired."

He sat down opposite to her.

"I think," he said slowly, looking at her, "that this is the loveliest day of a lovely year. One ought to have nothing to do in the summer but lie under the trees and dream."

"Bees make honey in the summer time to last through the winter's cold," she replied.

"I am glad I am not a bee," said Sir Carlos, watching the dark flashes as they lay like silken fringe on the cheek that was like the fairest leaf of a rose.

To Sir Carlos Carew, whose life had known no greater charm or interest than sport, this wonderful passion of love came like a revelation. Maggie's easy careless manner had a wonderful charm for him.

As a rule, when he was in the society of girls, they did their best to entertain him. Maggie leaned her dark beautiful head against the trunk of a tree and listened to him, weaving the poppies into all kinds of fantastic forms and seeming much more interested in them than in him, but scarcely delighted as she noted the looks of admiration he cast on her.

When he could stop no longer, he told her that he could not endure the thought of leaving her unless she promised to see him again.

She did promise, and went home with her heart and mind full of him; he had told her all about himself, and she had given him the outline of her simple life.

"You have never seen Lord Stanleigh I suppose?" he said; and Maggie answered "No," but that she knew Hiram West, his lordship's valet.

He resolved that he would not mention Maggie to Lord Stanleigh, lest he should try to win her himself. She told him that she had nothing to do in the daytime, and he asked her to meet him in the woods on the morrow.

Had Maggie been ever so inclined to talk about her adventure, there was no one who would care to hear it. Jeannette detested all men, young or old; so she could not expect sympathy from her.

The had a shrewd suspicion that, even if her father were disposed to listen, it would be wise not to tell him.

Day after day Sir Carlos and Maggie met in the woods, and every day Sir Carlos grew more deeply in love. He was a changed man. The Rector had predicted that it would be a hopeless case when he did fall in love, and he was right.

Sir Carlos had no thought but for Maggie. To him everything was centred in that girlish graceful figure. Where she was not, all was desolation and gloom.

They teased him at Hutton—the ladies especially declared they knew the symptoms; but no one teased him a second time; there was something in his face that forbade it.

Lord Stanleigh thought that, if the young fellow had make a romance for himself, it was quite time and that it was nobody's business but his own. As he did not even know of the existence of Maggie Waldron, no pained that way.

Sir Carlos had known Maggie a fortnight, spending two or three hours with her every day, when he resolved to marry her. She, and no other, should be his wife.

The girl was delighted with her conquest; and she laughed more than ever at Hiram West. What presumption it was of him to think of her! She laughed more scornfully when he came to her one day and asked her to be his wife.

He had saved a few hundred pounds, he said, and had the opportunity of buying a small hotel at the seaside.

Would she consent to be the mistress of it? If she had told him in a few kindly words that she was sorry for him but that she could not marry him, all night have been well; but she laughed at him.

"No," she told him, "I am not going to be mistress of the 'Traveler's Rest,' or the 'Ship Ashore,' or any seaside hotel; my lot in life will be quite different."

"Maggie," he said gently, "do not throw away the substance for the shadow. No man living can love you as much as I do."

"I know one who loves me better," she replied.

He bent his dark face over her.

"You are like a beautiful fluttering bird," he said; "and you will be caught, unless you are careful, just like a bird in a net. I—I have seen you once with Sir Carlos—you are so foolish as to think that he will marry you? Oh, Maggie, Maggie, much as I love you, I would sooner see you dead than that he should mislead you!"

"He will not mislead me," she replied, with a scornful toss of her head.

Hiram West trembled with emotion.

"I know them, my dear, those idle young aristocrats, far better than you do. Watch one of them as he walks through the fields; wantonly, idly, and without reason, he will with a stroke of his cane cut down the fairest sweetest flowers as he passes by; and, my dear, the life, the soul, of a young girl like you is no more to such as he than the wild flowers."

She laughed again.

"I do not believe it," she replied; and his face darkened with anger.

"So the young and the foolish have spoken from time immemorial," he said; "so they will speak until they die!" he cried wrathfully.

"You laugh at me, at my love, at my warning. We shall see. But remember this, if ever he injures one hair of your head, if ever he gives you one hour's heartache, I will have his life!"

She shuddered as she listened.

"I shall never lose sight of you or of him," he continued; "and, if he injures you, his life shall pay the forfeit. Have you," he added in a gentler tone, "no kinder word to me before I go?"

"No, not one," was the hasty reply.

Her pride and vanity alike were wounded. Did he think so little of her beauty as to fancy she could not win what she liked with it? She little knew that for the man she loved she had made that day a dangerous enemy.

She did not tell Sir Carlos about the proposal she had received; events might have been different had she done so. She thought that it would lower her in his eyes if the young Baronet knew that his friend's valet had made her an offer of marriage.

The glamor of love was so strong upon Sir Carlos that he did not see Maggie's faults, her lack of good-breeding, her want of refinement—he only saw the beauty that in his eyes had no peer.

What mattered fortune, or high title? "All the gifts of the gods could not go together," he reasoned. She had wondrous beauty—that was enough for him; he would marry her and make her Lady Maggie Carew.

Then, besides her beauty, how passionately she loved him! There was no reticence about her love; she talked to him of it, held his hands and kissed them; at times she laid her arms round his neck and her fair face on his breast, trying to tell him she loved him.

Who would ever care for him as she did? Even if she were not quite so well bred as the Ladies Evesham, she more than atoned for it by her love for him. Why should he not marry her? He was his own master.

Then, in the midst of his exultation, he thought of his mother, and the thought sobered him. He had always said he would marry some one who resembled her.

Dark-eyed Maggie was the very opposite; no two persons could be more dissimilar. Another thing occurred to him—he had promised not to take any important step in life without his mother's consent. Well, that promise he would keep—he would obtain her permission before he asked Maggie to be his wife.

Having come to this conclusion, Sir Carlos thought he had made a great concession. How many young men in his place, he asked himself, would do as he did?

He was in every way his own master, yet he was going home obediently as a child to ask permission to marry the girl he loved. That any serious objections would be raised to the object of his choice never occurred to him.

He saw Maggie that same morning; she was waiting for him at the old trysting-place, and it was a jest between them that he had never yet found out the road to Armytage.

"I am going away, Maggie, for a little while," he said; "and when I return, my darling, I shall have something important to say to you."

"You will not stay away long?" she cried. "Oh, Carlos, what should I do without you—how should I bear my lonely life? I should die if you did not come back!"

She clung to him passionately, her beautiful face white with emotion, her dark eyes full of fears. He thought no love had ever been so tender, so great as hers.

"I am going, Maggie, so that we may never part again," he said. "I shall be back in three days' time. I shall take your portrait with me, and you will see what happens when I return."

He thought himself a model son, and felt sure that his mother would rejoice when she knew the nature of his errand.

CHAPTER VII.

THE sun shone brightly upon the old ivy-mantled walls of Firholme, the weather was warm and sultry, and the windows and doors were open, and the summer breeze swept through the house.

Lady Carew had sought the coolest room she knew—an old-fashioned apartment opening on to a lawn, where a magnificent cedar, the pride of Firholme, stood.

She reclined on a couch which had been placed at the open window. She had laid down her book and was watching the butterflies hovering over the flower, smiling to herself as she thought of the "Loves of the Butterfly." She was roused from her dream by the sound of a quick familiar footstep.

"That is Carlos, I am sure," she said, as she heard a firm tread along the corridor; and she grew pale with sheer delight at the thought of seeing her son.

She had not expected him home for some time yet; therefore it was a greater pleasure.

He had not waited for any one to announce him.

"Where is Lady Carew?" he asked impetuously of the servant who opened the door to him.

"In the west parlor, sir," replied the man; and Sir Carlos hastily walked past him and opened the door.

"Do not be startled, mother. I wanted to see you, so I rode over from Halton."

Before she had time to rise or reply, he was kneeling down by her side, telling her in passionate words how he loved Maggie Waldron, and must make her his wife.

His mother lay quite silent. That some such hour would come she had known. Her face was slightly flushed with the heat, her golden hair lay unfastened over her shoulders, and her hands were clasped in dismay too great for words.

"I must marry her, mother," he said. "I love her so dearly that I could not live without her. She has no fortune, but you will not mind that, I know you are above all such pretty considerations. Oh, mother, she is so beautiful! If you could but see her as I saw her last! If I thought I should be separated from her, I believe I should go mad or die!"

"Stop. You speak so quickly, Carlos, I do not understand."

She tried to rise, but her whole frame trembled, and he gently laid her down again.

"Lie still, mother; you need not tremble. I have made a wise choice; there is not another woman in the world so fair and peerless as my beautiful Maggie. I long to bring her home to you. I—oh, forgive my impetuosity!—I am mad with suspense now that I am away from her. She is so beautiful that the mightiest in the land would be proud to wed her."

"Beautiful," murmured the gentle lady. "But, Carlos, beauty is not everything; indeed it is perhaps the least desirable quality in a wife."

"That's rank heresy, mother, from you, who are so beautiful yourself; but wait until you see my Maggie."

A deeper flush stole over the fair face. What had come over this handsome impetuous son of hers?

"You must not say that I am too young to marry," he went on. "I have heard both you and the Rector say the best thing in the world was for a man to marry young."

"Yes, a man," she murmured. "But you are only a boy, Carlos."

Her white hands lingered on his dark curls and touched his bright proud face.

"A boy at twenty-two!" he cried. "Oh, no, mother! Dame Nature herself calls me man!"—and he lightly touched the dark moustache that shaded his mouth.

"You must speak more quietly, my darling boy, if I am to understand at all," she said earnestly.

"Thus much I gather, that the fate which sooner or later overtakes every one has overtaken you. You love some one, and you want to marry. Who is she?"

Then indeed he was a little taken aback, and for a few moments there was a pause in the eloquent flow of words.

"Some one whom you have met at Hatton?" she asked. "Oh, my dearest Carlos, Heaven grant that you have given your love wisely! Who is she, my dear?"

The anxious face drew nearer to him' the troubled eyes looked into his.

"Her name is Maggie Waldron, mother. What a sweet fanciful name 'Maggie' is!"

"But who is she, Carlos?"

"She is the daughter of John Waldron,' he replied; "and John Waldron is Lord Stanleigh's land agent. They live in a small house near Armytage, just outside the woods."

He saw her turn pale. She leaned her head back against the velvet cushions. It was worse even than she had thought. Oh, surely this could be only a boy's first wild fancy, and not love!

"Then she is not what the world calls a lady, Carlos?" she said slowly.

"The world, mother! As though this

gray, foolish old world ever gave to any one or anything its correct name! She has no fortune, and she dresses plainly; but she is one of Nature's queens. However, you will see for yourself, mother; that will be best."

"Is she educated, Carlos?" she asked quietly.

"Educated!" he repeated, in a tone of withering contempt. "Would any one ask if a goddess could spell? Certainly she is. She has no mother—she died when Maggie was quite young; but you will supply her lost mother's place, I know. She was brought up her aunt."

"What was her aunt?" asked Lady Carew.

"I forget. She had a shop of some kind, I believe. It does not matter. When Maggie is my wife, she will be Lady Carew; that will be sufficient. I—I thought you would say 'Yes' almost before I had asked the question, and you hesitate. Tell me one thing—have you ever refused any favor that I asked from you? Look back to the time when I came to you for fruit or toys; did you ever refuse me anything on which I had set my heart?"

She was face to face with the truth now. Had she ever denied him anything? Had she taught him self-denial, self-control, or had she yielded to every desire of his heart?

"Answer me, mother," he said; and for the first time there was something imperious in his tone. "Have you ever refused me anything I wanted?"

She had to accuse herself with her own lips.

"No," she replied, "I do not remember that I have."

"Then why should you begin now, when my heart is fixed on one thing?"

She trembled with agitation.

"Do you not see, Carlos, that your marriage is the one most important event in your life? If you make a mistake, your whole life will be ruined; but, if you marry wisely, all will be well with you."

He was touched by her agitation.

"My dearest mother, I know all that," he said. "I have thought of it, and I am going to marry wisely; it is always wise to marry the one you love, is it not?"

"Yes, if the love be true, and wisely given; but, Carlos, this is your first fancy; it cannot be love."

"How does one distinguish love from fancy, mother?" he asked.

"By testing it," she replied.

"Test mine as you will, it will bear it. I know the news has come upon you suddenly, mother. I loved her before I had looked at her for one minute."

"And if—if you had your own way," began her ladyship

"If I had my own way," he interrupted, "I would marry her at once and bring her home to you."

She placed her hands upon his shoulders.

"Carlos," she said, "I was very young when I was left alone with you, and I have devoted my life to you."

"You have, sweet mother;" and he kissed the imploring face. "I am not ungrateful."

"By the great affection I have for you," she went on, "by my devotion, which has been boundless, by my love, which has been like no other love, promise me one thing, Carlos."

"I will promise anything you ask" he answered. He was carried away by the fervor of her words.

"Promise me that you will not marry this—this girl until I have seen her and have given my consent."

"Certainly I will promise it. I do not bind myself, mother, to give her up even if you do refuse. I do not think any power on earth could part me from her."

"Hush, my dear boy! Let me be frank with you. I must see her. Want of fortune, nay, even lowly birth will not influence me, if I think she has the gifts that will make you happy."

He threw back his head with a look of mutterable content.

"That I can safely aver," he said. "Mother, you shall see her to-morrow. "I did not tell them at Hatton where I was going; I merely said that I should be absent for a few days on business. No one will know anything about it. We can take the train to Armytage, and drive from the station to the house. You can spend an hour with her, and then I will bring you home again. Will that suit you, mother?"

She sighed as she said "Yes." In her heart, she envied the girl whom he loved. She felt that in some measure she had lost him; while he gave himself up to unbounded happiness.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY CAREW never forgot the journey to Hatton. Her impetuous son hardly gave himself time to sleep; or allowed her time to prepare for the journey. He was up with the sun; everything was ready for his mother when she came down—breakfast, the carriage, a timetable, and traveling rugs; he had forgotten nothing.

How few men, thought Sir Carlos complacently, situated as he was, would care whether they had a mother's consent to their marriage or not! How few would give themselves any trouble!

Whereas he, although he loved with such a deep love the girl whom he had chosen, had not asked her to be his wife until he had consulted his mother.

The morning was fair; but Lady Carew was ill at ease. This impetuosity, this breathless impatience of her son, seemed to her far more like the fever of passion than the steady flame of love.

If it should be but a boy's foolish fancy, a young man's first love, and after a few weeks of married life it should die, what then?

On their way Lady Carew reminded her son of Pendennis and his mad love for Miss Costigan, and spoke highly of the wisdom of those who parted him from his idol.

She told him that the tie of marriage was to last for life; surely it required a few months' deliberation! But he heard only the sound of the birds singing sweetly in the trees, and their one song seemed to be of "Maggie."

He had sent the girl a few lines on the previous evening, saying that his mother, Lady Carew, would be at Armytage on the morrow, that he should bring her to the cottage for an hour or so.

"Look your best and sweetest," he added; and the girl's heart beat fast as she read the words. She could imagine what would follow if he brought his mother there. For some reasons, it was not wise of him to have written. Had she been taken by surprise, Maggie would have been ten times more at her ease and more graceful. As it was, the idea that Lady Carew was coming made her feel nervous.

The cool muslins and pretty prints were discarded, as not being good enough for the occasion; they were all very well for a lover who had no eyes for anything but her face; but, thanks to the notions of gentility that had been impressed upon her, she knew better than a receive a visit from Lady Carew in a pink print dress.

She had a hideous crimson merino elaborately trimmed with shining black beads, which had been purchased by her aunt a year before for a tea-party, a dress that would have made any lover of good taste shudder.

This was her stage dress. So far as it could, it robbed her beautiful figure of its grace—it changed her from a lovely girl to a vulgar but beautiful woman.

Not content with this, and to do honor to her illustrious visitor, Maggie put on a gaudy necklace of coral beads. She also wore a few common rings, which made her hands look redder and coarser than they otherwise would.

So far as it lay in the power of dress, she made herself look vulgar and gaudy; but she could not spoil the peerless beauty of her face.

It was an anxious time for her. Disquietude deepened the rose-bloom of her cheeks and gave fresh lustre to her eyes. This was, she believed, the most eventful hour of her life.

* * * * * * *

Mother and son talked pleasantly as they drove along.

"There is the house," said Sir Carlos; and then Lady Carew grew pale and trembled. What would she be like, this girl whom her son meant to marry and who was to take her place?

Sir Carlos went into the cottage first. Lady Carew could hear the murmur of loving words; and then her son came out, his face radiant with happiness.

"Make haste, mother!" he cried. "Every moment seems to me an hour!"

He led her into the little house, through the narrow passage into the small parlor, where Maggie stood awaiting her.

Lady Carew's first glance was one of wonder and dismay—wonder at the brilliant loveliness of the girl's face, dismay at the vulgar dress, the red hands and tawdry ornaments.

"Exceedingly beautiful, but unquestionably plebeian," was her first comment to herself.

She smiled in her sweetest fashion.

"My son Carlos asked me to call and see you," she said, "as I was passing by."

It is one thing to charm and fascinate a young man by the display of pretty affections, and another and far more difficult to please a well bred refined woman.

Maggie asked Lady Carew to take a seat. Her voice, just because she tried to make it sweet, sounded hard and unmusical.

Lady Carew's heart sank within her. Could it be possible that her son, who might have chosen from the loveliest and best-bred girls in England, had given his heart to this girl?

"She has a beautiful face," said Lady Carew to herself; "but, if he marries her, he will tire of her in three weeks. She has had no education, she is unintellectual and without refinement When the first glamor of love is over, he will hate her."

She did her best to like Maggie She went on talking to her, trying to elicit words and ideas from her.

The girl could talk well enough under the shade of the trees in the wood, with her lover listening to every word that fell from her lips; but, when sitting opposite to Carlos' calm well-bred mother, she was almost speechless.

The more Carew talked to Maggie, the deeper grew her dismay. When Sir Carlos talked to the girl, he watched the play of the beautiful features and the graceful gestures.

Lady Carew was indifferent to these things. She listened with sharpened ears to the girl's grammar, listened and shuddered. Could it be possible that her fastidious son loved a girl who called February "Febuary," and talked of "'ares and 'ounds"—Carlos, who had even found fault with the smooth and polished diction of pretty Alice Bathurst?

Sir Carlos could see the consternation in his mother's face; and he was conscious, for the first time, of the blunders Maggie made. But what did it matter? he thought.

That beautiful mouth was made for kisses, not for grammar; besides, he could teach her. He saw his mother's eyes rest on her hands, which, although prettily shaped, had grown red and rough owing to the work her aunt had insisted on her performing.

But wearing gloves for a few weeks would rectify all that. Let his mother look at the peerless face, at the eyes brighter than stars, at the dark arched brows, and the shining masses of dark hair.

Lady Carew thought she would not ask too many questions, she wanted to see if Maggie would talk to her spontaneously. But no; she was very silent. They did not like each other—that was soon seen.

Maggie thought Lady Carew cold and proud. She neither understood nor appreciated her good-breeding and refinement. Lady Carew saw at a glance that Maggie was beautiful, but uneducated, quite commonplace, and vulgar in taste and manner.

Even to the enraptured Sir Carlos the conviction came at last that there was a vast difference between the two women who sat together—a difference as great as that between day and night.

"Your house is very prettily situated," observed Lady Carew. "What fine old trees!"

"Yes, they are very well," answered Maggie; "but I like town. There is no society here. I like society. When I lived with my aunt, I saw plenty of life."

She wished Lady Carew to understand that she herself was ill-content with country quiet, and well fitted to take her part in society.

"I should like," she continued, "to live where I could go to balls and parties. My aunt always said that I ought to have been born a lady."

"What charming simplicity!" said Sir Carlos to himself.

"What terrible vulgarity!" thought his mother.

"I think no life so beautiful as the sweet peaceful life of the country," said Lady Carew.

"Perhaps you have had enough of the other," replied Maggie. "I have had none."

"That would make a great difference, certainly!" laughed Sir Carlos.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARTIFICIAL COFFEE.—It will, perhaps, be news to many to know that tons of artificial coffee are being made and sold for the purpose of mixing with and adulterating coffee. The grains are stamped out, colored, and roasted, so as to look exactly like the genuine article, and would, if mixed with genuine coffee, easily deceive an unskilled eye. The fact that the color of the artificial does not usually match that of the fresh roasted is one of the methods of detection, and if the fraudulent grain is bitten into its hardness will expose the fraud. Some of the artificial coffee is made to imitate the raw coffee grains, and may also be found in it as an adulterant.

Bric-a-Brac.

A BURNING GLASS OF ICE.—Iceberg, that is fresh-water, ice, is hard and clear, so much so that pure pieces of it are able to gather together into one centre the rays of the sun, so as to produce a great degree of heat, just like a burning glass. By means of a lump wood has been burned, powder fired, lead melted, and sailors' pipes lighted, the ice remaining clear and firm all the time, the rays meanwhile that passed through being so hot that the hand could be held in their focus only a few seconds.

A MISTAKEN LEAP FOR LIBERTY.—The cassowary, like its near relation the ostrich, has very strong legs and can leap well and high and far. There was one that met its death by not looking before it leaped. It was being conveyed by ship from its home in the Pacific isle of New Britain to Australia. This mooruk, as the natives name the bird, was allowed one day to roam about the deck. Hardly, however, had it been released from bondage, when it gave a huge jump into the air and fell overboard into the sea. A brisk breeze blowing at the time, it was impossible to save it, and the cassowary perished in the waves, a victim to its foolish habit of expressing joy by free-and-easy leaping.

HOW TO TELL THE CHARACTERS OF HORSES.—An old Hussar officer says that one may judge of the constitution and character of a horse from its color. Bright chestnuts and light bays are high spirited, but nervous and delicate. Dark chestnuts and glossy blacks are hardy and good-tempered. Rich bays have great spirit, but are teachable. Dark and iron greys are hardy and sound, while light greys are the opposite. Roans, either strawberry or blue, are the hardest and best working of all, even tempered, easiest to train, taking kindly to everything. Rusty blacks are distinguished for their pigheadedness. Its white stockings give another clue to character. A horse with one white leg is a bad one, with two "you may sell it to a friend," with three is absolutely safe and excellent, with four may be trusted for a while.

MORE ABOUT THE SHAMELESS CROW.—The crows that live near the soldiers' barracks in India are all sly thieves, but the men like the rogues too well to kill them, and so they decorate them instead. The birds, despite their skill, are caught by being invited into a room. A piece of wire is next passed between the two holes in the upper beak, and a little ball, or button, or round bit of metal, is fastened—each batch of soldiers having its own badge—to it, the crow is then set free unharmed. Very soon nearly every crow wears its distinctive mark, from which it is easy to tell to what troop, or company, it belongs. Unhapily, instead of feeling their ornaments are symbols of shame, they are all proud of them, of the bells especially; and one can easily believe that it is funny to see a row of these black rogues perched on a roof, shaking their heads and tinkling their bells.

ABOUT THE BLIND WATCHMAKER OF HOLBEACH.—William Rippan was a watchmaker in Holbeach, Lincolnshire. Three or four years after he began business, he caught cold in his eyes, and, at the age of twenty-eight, became quite blind. Did he therefore murmur or repine? Not in the least. Without delay he fell to learning his trade over again, as it were, and soon grew as clever as before, cleaning and repairing watches and clocks, and musical instruments and other articles, with a skill that was little short of marvellous. The only help he needed in taking a watch to pieces and fitting it together again was in the unpinning and pinning of the hair-spring, which a sightless man could not do, but which he taught his wife to do for him. There were often a hundred watches at a time in his shop waiting for repair, many coming to him from a distance of one hundred to two hundred miles. Every watch he knew by touch, every customer by voice. Nor did he give up recreation when his sight went. He won two shilling wicket matches at cricket, played cards, dominoes, bagatelle, and was leader of the Holbeach brass band. Intelligent, handsome, five feet ten inches in height, he was a striking figure, and many who spoke with him were not aware he was blind. Truly this blind William Rippan, finding his work to his hand and doing it with his might, was every inch a hero.

WHY are seven days like a fever?—Because they make one week.

THE LOVE THAT LIVES ALWAY.

BY R. O. V.

There is something I've wanted to tell you,
My darling, so long—so long!
But my words are few,
And I thought you knew
The melody of my song.
I owe sang it one day deep down in my soul,
Where the waves of my life-blood surge and roll!
And they hushed their sobbing, and chanted in glee
The song that Love laid on their tide for me.

Perchance you had rather my love were told
Than whispered in songful strain;
But words are so cold,
and they do not fold
Nor fondle the love they feign.
But music sobs longing, wails yearning, prays
The love prayer that pleads on for years and days—
That moans in the tempest and sings in the sun,
And never is tired, yet never is done.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

BERNARD followed her up the stairs into a luxuriously furnished room, lighted softly by a rose-shaded lamp. A fire was burning, and before it, reclining in an amber satin chair, was Felicia. As he entered, Bowden discreetly closing the door behind him, Felicia turned her head languidly; then, seeing who it was, rose and stood before him.

Her heart leapt, her face paled at the sight of him. Her eyes dilated on his white and haggard face. Her heart shrank with a sudden terror; he had discovered that the letter was a forgery; he had come to upbraid her—to denounce her! She felt at that moment as if he were going to strike her. Well, he might kill her if he liked. Life was not worth having without his love. She had played a dangerous, a foolishly **dangerous game, and he had discovered it.**

All these thoughts, fears, emotions, passed through her mind as he stood looking at her; but, saving that the beautiful face was rather pale, she gave no sign of them.

"How late you are!" she said with a smile that cost her more than one can set down.

"I am," he said in a hoarse, dry voice; "but I am not too late, I hope, to thank you for all you have done, and all you have tried to do for me."

Her heart gave a throb of relief. She sank into the chair.

"Won't you sit down?" she said.

But he stood looking down at her.

She was superbly dressed. Worth, if you pay him well, can display no art beyond the reach of a man's pen to describe. Her dress was composed of some soft, lace-like material, in black. It fell in graceful folds. There were soft stars of silver shimmering on it. The priceless diamonds which Lady Winshire had left her, glittered like fireflies in her hair, sparkled on her white throat, scintillated from her arm. She looked like a syren—beautiful to the eye, fascinating to the sense.

And so, with a smile upon her face, she looked up at him and waited.

"I have come to thank you," he said, and his hoarse voice rang like a discordant note in the softly luxurious apartment. "My father has told me—I know—. Felicia, you have been the truest friend, the most unselfish woman. Felicia, I have come to ask you to be my wife."

A profound silence reigned. The perfumed air beat upon his brain; the words of Nance's note rang in his ears. He looked, as through a dream, upon the beautiful woman lying back in the chair in the fire light.

The color faded from her face, her lips quivered.

"Wait," he said. "You know that I am ruined, that I am almost a beggar, that I have very little heart left to offer you. You know, or can guess, that there has been in my past life an incident, a history which has dominated my whole being. But that past is past—it is all done with and dead. I know that you are rich; but that will not stop me. You know me well enough to know that I do not ask you to marry me because of your money. I care nothing for it—I care for nothing but the fact that you have been the truest friend to me and my father. Felicia, if you can take a ruined man for your husband, if you can love me a little, be my wife. Stop! Before heaven I will try and be a good husband to you; it will not be hard—you are beautiful. At one time I loved you; before heaven, I will love you still! I will devote myself, my life, to making you happy. Be my wife!"

Silence.

The firelight fell upon her face—it was pale to the lips; her heart seemed to stop beating.

Then she held out her arms—the bare, shapely arms.

He fell on his knees beside her. The white arms closed round him, and drew him towards her.

Her lips met his. She had won.

CHAPTER XXX.

ALTHOUGH one is supposed to very soon grow used to the changes and chances of this transitory life, Nance did not very rapidly grow accustomed to, or even quite realize, the wonderful transformation in her circumstances.

Mistress of Rainford Hall and half a million of money—more than half a million of money—she, who only a few weeks ago had been quite content to work hard for her modest livelihood!

The great change would have turned the heads of most girls—indeed, of most men and women; but on Nance the effect seemed to be very slight. That strange quietness and self absorption which Lady Dockitt had noticed and commented upon to Mr. Graham, still clung to her. Her whole manner was marked with a gentle sadness and restrained melancholy, which shone in her beautiful eyes, and was in her soft, low voice.

She did not seem to care for the vast wealth which she had inherited. It really appeared as if she would have been quite content to have worn the simplest dress of black merino, unadorned by a single jewel; and it was Lady Dockitt who insisted upon procuring attire and jewelry suitable to so important a person as Miss Christine Harwood, of Rainford Hall.

But though Christine did not seem to care for her money, she became rapidly very fond of the Hall. The romantic old place, with its air of old world grandeur, **exercised a strange influence over her.**

She liked to wander through the vast rooms, with their oak carvings, tarnished gilding, time dimmed pictures, and old-fashioned furniture. She liked to dream, coiled up on an oak seat in the corner of the huge hall. And they were always dreams of Bernard, and he was always, in some strange, inexplicable way, mixed up with the late owners of the Hall.

She thought of Sir Terence often, and with pity. What she would have liked to have done would have been to give back to him and his son the old house and lands which had passed into her hands; but she knew that such a thing was impossible; that she had no right to run counter to her father's wishes, to disobey his dying command.

For the first few weeks she felt very unhappy at the Hall; she could not but be conscious of the fact that everybody in it and about it regarded her as an interloper and intruder. The servants, from the butler downward, treated her with perfect respect; but with the respect was mingled a kind of coldness and reserve which reminded her—probably was intended to remind her—that she was a new comer and usurper, and that they were always thinking of their beloved Yorkes.

At first, when she went out for a walk or a drive, in the great stately carriage with its powdered coachman and footman, the village people, the tenants, the laborers, eyed her with sullen resentment and distrust. She could feel their cold glances as she walked or drove by. But after a time—and, indeed, a very short time—the general ill-will grew less obtrusive and conspicuous. As her maid, Sophie Wood, said, the young mistress is so beautiful, so gentle, and so kind, that even the hearts of the Rainford Hall retainers were melted. "After all," said Mr. Bulford, the butler, delivering his sentiments oracularly in the servants' hall, "she can't help being the mistress; if she hadn't had the hall somebody else would. Why, come to think of it, we might have had a Jew money lender here, as has happened in other noble families! Miss Christine is a lady, anyhow, and that's something. Of course, she ain't like a Yorke, and its very hard on us to have to lose Sir Terence and Mr. Bernard, but if they was to go and somebody else was to step into their place, why Miss Christine is as good as anyone we could have had, and I, for one, ain't going to hold out against her any longer.

"In fact," he added, with a burst of candor, "she's so pleasant spoken that I couldn't if I tried."

As, of course, the servants all took their cue from the butler, the whole household swung round from that day, and Nance, much to her relief, found a marked change in their treatment of her.

As it was with the servants, so it was with the villagers and people on the estate. One day Nance, hearing that a child was sick at one of the cottages, summoned up courage and went to see it. She was received coldly enough at first—the mother had been an old servant at the Hall, and was devoted to the Yorkes—but Nance's beauty and pretty gentle way soon won her over, and presently, when Nance had got the little one on her lap, the mother's heart melted completely.

"It's measles, you know, miss, I suppose?" she said. "You might catch it."

"I have had the measles," said Nance. "And if I had not I should not be afraid. I am not afraid of catching anything. Please let me nurse her."

From that time scarcely a day passed but Nance found her way in some of the cottages, and very soon the cold looks which had at first greeted her were exchanged for words and smiles of welcome.

The hours spent amongst the sick and needy were her happiest ones, for it was only at such times she could forget her own sorrow.

The tenants were the hardest to win, but ultimately they came around, like the rest, when they found that the new mistress of Rainford Hall was likely to prove as lenient to them as the departed Yorkes had been. More lenient, in fact, and even more generous. The steward was informed that no one who could not pay his rent was to be pressed; that all reasonable demands for improvements were to be granted, and that no one wishing to see her was to be denied.

All this was very satisfactory as far as it went, and Mr. Graham was delighted with the progress Nance had made.

"Of course," he said, "she was bound to win their hearts. Gad! who could resist her? Though, by the way, if she runs the estate on the principle of never exacting the rent, and doing everything they ask her, the land won't pay two per cent."

"I don't think," said Lady Dockitt, "that Christine would care if the estate paid no percentage at all. She's utterly indifferent to money. Her tastes are as simple as those of a—a dairy maid. And as for amusement, she doesn't seem to care for it, or even need it. She likes walking about the gardens or driving an old pony and jingle, which she herself found in a corner of the stable. At other times she coils herself up in the hall with a book, or sits in a chair beside the fire with her hands in her lap, thinking and dreaming."

"That sad look never leaves her face, even when she is smiling or laughing—and she does laugh sometimes—the look seems to come through, or haunt, her eyes."

"Hem," said Mr. Graham. "The child is dull; she wants society, begging your pardon, my dear. She wants some young people about her."

"You needn't beg my pardon," said Lady Dockitt; "I know that quite as well as you do. But what am I to do? I have suggested asking some friends of ours down here to make up a house party for the shooting. But though Christine is generally quite ready to follow any suggestion of mine, she did not adopt this one. She refused gently enough, but with that touch of firmness and decision which is peculiar to her, and which is rather astonishing."

"And the neighbors, don't they call?"

"No, they don't," said Lady Dockitt, drily; "and I can't say that I am surprised. That's just the difficulty. They are nearly all country people; they are all friends of the Yorkes; they naturally regard Christine as a parvenue. They know nothing about her, and they look upon her as the daughter of a money-lender who had got the Yorkes of Rainford Hall into his clutches. It is amusing to me to see them when we pass them out driving, or when we go to church. They look at Christine out of the corners of their eyes; they are evidently terribly curious about her, but they unanimously agree to avoid her."

"Does Christine notice it, mind it?" he asked, thoughtfully.

Lady Dockitt shook her head.

"Not in the least," she said. "You see she doesn't know that they ought to call, and is, therefore, not disappointed. Most girls would be anxious to make friends, but Christine is not. She is not even curious about the people here. The other day, when we were passing Lisle Court, which is within a couple of miles, she did, indeed, ask me what the house was, and to whom it belonged. But when I told her that it belonged to a very great family, that the Earl of Lisle and his people lived there, and that they were our nearest neighbors, she did not appear to be interested. I went so far as to ask her if she would like to know them, but she colored slightly, said just 'No,' and seemed to shrink into herself as if the idea were an unwelcome one."

"They may come round in time," said Mr. Graham. "It seems a pity that there is not a house party here. The house is large enough to hold any number of people, and the game-keeper tells me there is plenty of game."

Lady Dockitt sighed.

"They may come round," she said, "Money is everything nowadays, and Christine is enormously rich. But it is wonderful how proud and exclusive these country people are. At any rate, Christine will not mind. Now that the people and the tenants have taken to her she is—I was going to say—happy. At any rate, she is quietly content. She is happiest when she is going about the village and amongst the children. They simply adore her."

Two mornings after this conversation had taken place between Lady Dockitt and her brother, Christine was driving the old Exmoor pony through the quiet lanes. She was going to the nearest market town to match some ribbon for Lady Dockitt. It was a beautiful morning, there was a crisp, bracing air, and the trees were clad in their autumn tints, on which the sun shone with something like summer warmth and brightness.

Though old, the pony was a very good one, and trotted along the well-kept roads at a smart pace. If Nance could have forgotten the past she would have felt happy that morning; as it was, the bright sunshine, the singing of the birds, the exquisite colors of the foliage, had their effect upon her, and the feeling of peace, which was the nearest approach to happiness she could know, stole over her. She was within a mile of the town when quite suddenly and without any warning she felt the tiny cart tilt slightly upwards, and saw **that something had happened to the harness.** Like the pony and the cart, it was old and the coachman had only yesterday remarked that new harness ought to be got.

The pony came to a dead stop and began to fidget. Nance got out to see what was the matter. Though she had very quickly learnt to drive, she of course, knew very little about horses, and nothing at all about harness.

She saw that a strap had broken; it was hanging down below the shafts, which were tilted upwards. She hadn't the least notion what to do; she was a long way from home, no house or human being was in sight. She looked around with perplexity. There was nothing for it but to lead the pony to the town and get the harness mended.

"Come along, Dodie," she said, taking him by the bit, but Dodie apparently didn't care to come along.

He felt that there was something wrong somewhere, and, being a high-minded pony with a good deal of pride in his personal appearance, probably objected to entering the town, where he was known, with a broken girth dangling below him.

Nance pulled at him, but he stuck out his sturdy forefeet, and shook his little head obstinately, and when she continued to pull he got up on his hind legs.

Nance was not afraid, but she was more perplexed than ever.

"I shall have to carry you, Dodie, cart and all, if you don't come quietly," she said, laughing.

Dodie resented this threat by rearing again. The harness, deprived of its support, shifted awkwardly, and Nance felt that she was in a mess.

As she was wondering what on earth she was to do, she heard a voice singing. It was a man's voice, and came from a lane leading into the road in which she was standing.

In another minute the singer came in sight. He was a young man, and walked with a slight limp.

Nance, as she looked at him, saw that he was a gentleman. He was very fair, with light hair that nearly touched his collar. It was almost a girlish face, with lines upon it that one rarely sees in so young a countenance. There was a dreamy absent look in the eyes, which fled when he saw Nance.

He stopped singing, and flushed slightly, and was passing on with downcast e/

when some renewed gymnastics on Dodie's part attracted his attention. He stopped, and raising his hat, came into the road to Nance.

"Pardon me," he said, in a very soft voice—almost as soft, indeed, as a girl's. "Is anything the matter?"

"Yes," said Nance in her direct way, "some part of the harness has broken. I want to lead my pony into Rainborough, but he is very troublesome, and will not let me."

The young fellow looked at her, and listened to her almost absently, as if the beautiful face and musical voice had driven his wits away; then he said—

"May I see?" He examined the harness. "The girth and one of the tags are broken," he said.

"I don't know what they are," said Nance. "But the cart tilts up, and all the harness seems slipping off. I don't know what to do."

"Don't be distressed," he said gently. "I think I can put it right. At least, I can cobble it up sufficiently to allow you to get into the town." He searched in his pockets and produced a piece of string, then hunted for a knife. "Dear me," he said. "Very stupid of me! I have come out without my knife: have you such a thing?"

Nance produced the usual miniature weapon with mother-of-pearl handle which ladies favor.

"Thank you," he said, as gratefully as if she had done him a great service. "I hope I shan't break it."

He proceeded to tie up the broken straps, while Nance kept Dodie still by offerings of grass which she plucked from the roadside.

"I'm afraid it is not much of a job," he said, "and I'm sure I don't know whether it will last until you get to Rainborough. If you don't mind, if you will kindly permit me," he added timidly, "I will lead him into the town and have it mended at the saddler's. I am afraid, if you tried to drive, the string might break and you might have an accident. I am going into the town, and shall be very glad if you will let me."

Averse as Nance was to giving trouble to a stranger, she did not see how, without being churlish, she could refuse.

So they walked side by side, the young man leading Dodie, who came along quite amiably.

They were silent for some little time. The young man seemed shy, but at last, as if he felt the silence growing irksome, he said—

"It is a very good little pony. Are you fond of driving?"

"Yes," said Nance; "but I've only driven for a very little while, and I do not know anything about it."

"Perhaps, like me, you are fond of walking?" he said.

Nance, with that awkward impulse to do the wrong thing which assails all of us, glanced at his foot and the stick upon which he leant slightly.

He caught the glance, and said in a low voice—

"Though I cannot walk very far, for I am lame."

Nance crimsoned.

"I—I beg your pardon. I am very sorry," she said.

"It is all right," he said with a smile. "You must have been amused at my bragging about my walking. But like most lame people, I would rather walk than drive. Not that I am very lame," he added eagerly, "and they say I shall quite get the better of it in time. Sometimes, even now, I can walk without a stick. What a lovely morning it is! I think the autumn the most beautiful part of the year, don't you? But perhaps you like the summer best; most people do."

Nance said that she did not know. They talked in this way until they reached the town. His shyness wore off; but he was still very gentle, very deferential, and his large, dreamy eyes glanced at her every now and then with a frank interest and eagerness. He led Dodie up to the saddler's.

"Now," he said, "if you will do your shopping or whatever it is you are going to do, I will get the harness mended, and it will all be ready for you by the time you come back."

"But I'm giving you so much trouble," said Nance, hesitatingly.

"No, no," he asseverated. "It is no trouble; please let me. I have nothing to do—and—and please let me."

Nance went off, matched her ribbon, and came back to find her modest equipage quite ready.

The young man helped her in, blushingly received her thanks, raised his hat, and started off.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NANCE remembered that Lady Dockitt had given her a bill to pay at the milliner's. She drove there, then started for home. At a short distance from the town she overtook the young man. She bowed as she passed; he raised his hat and smiled. A hundred yards or so on she remembered that she had noticed that he had been walking very slowly, and leaning on his stick more heavily than he had done when she first saw him. It occurred to her that perhaps he had a long way to go, and was tired. Should she offer to give him a ride? Nance knew nothing of the proprieties, and if she had known, would not, in this case, have cared anything for them. She brought Dodie to a standstill, and waited till the young man came up.

"Will you not ride?" she said. "It is very warm, and you may be tired."

She put the question quite frankly, as one boy might address another. He flushed, hesitated, then opened the door and got in.

"It is very kind of you," he said.

A jingle is the smallest of vehicles, and requires careful balancing. Nance explained this to him.

"When we go down hill," she said, "you must sit back, please; and when we go up hill you must move forward. One does it quite mechanically after a time, and it is wonderful how easily it makes the cart run."

He praised the jingle, admired Dodie, and, his shyness having worn off, talked with a frankness and candor which were extremely taking.

"I suppose you drive about a great deal?" he said.

He wondered who she was; would have liked to have asked her name. Perhaps she was a governess. They drove about in little cars like this at Oxford, from which he had just come.

"Yes," said Nance. "And it is a very convenient little carriage, for I can pick up any of the children and take them for a ride."

She meant the village children, but the words confirmed his governess theory.

"Have you been in the neighborhood long?" he asked. "I do not remember—"

"Not very long," Nance said.

"I hope you like it?" he said. "There are some beautiful walks and drives about, and some delightful old homes. I don't know any place so rich in archæology or so beautiful all around. But then——" He broke off with a smile that gave an added gentleness to his face. "I am afraid I am biased. I have lived here all my life, and I am very fond of old places, ruins, and so on. Are you?"

"Yes," said Nance. "But I have seen so very few."

She was thinking of Hampton Court as she spoke, and the remembrance almost blotted out her consciousness of his presence.

"I should like to show you some of the old houses here," he said, wondering why she sighed. "The best of them, the handsomest and the most interesting, is Rainford Hall."

"Rainford Hall?" said Nance, absently; then she colored slightly. Should she stop him, and tell him who she was? But while she hesitated he went on.

"It is a most charming and interesting old place," he said, "with a wonderfully romantic history attaching to the family which owns it; or rather," he continued, in a tone of regret, "I should say did own it, for it has passed from their hands into those of others. It is very sad, isn't it, when an old family loses its ancestral home. It seems all the sadder in the case of the Yorkes—that is the name of the people who held the Hall—for they were so much liked, so popular, and they had held the place almost as far back as history goes."

He was silent a moment. Nance said nothing. It seemed to her too late to speak now, and besides, he might not say any more; but, with that fatality which ordains that a man should pursue an awkward subject much better left alone, the young fellow continued—

"They were great friends of ours, and I liked them very much, especially young Yorke. We were great chums, though he was a few years older than myself, and I have not seen much of him lately. I have been up at Oxford while he has been in London. I am awfully sorry for him. He's a splendid fellow, and extraordinarily popular. Everybody likes him; and no wonder, for there is nothing he cannot do—the straightest rider, the best shot, the best football player in the country.

The enthusiasm with which he spoke brought the color to his face, and a sparkle to his eyes.

Nance drove on in silence with downcast eyes.

"I must go up to London and look him up," said the young fellow. "He will need all his friends to cheer him, poor chap! It must be a terrible blow, mustn't it, to be turned out of the house where one's family have sprung up and rooted itself for centuries."

"Turned out?" said Nance, mechanically.

"Yes," he said. "It seems that Sir Terence—that's the father—had borrowed large sums of money from some man, who came down upon him and sold him up. He has got the Hall now."

The color mantled in Nance's cheeks.

"Sir Terence had the money," she said, "I suppose. The man who lent it only asked for his own. You speak as if he had robbed Sir Terence. Was the man who lent him the money to lose it?"

The young fellow seemed rather taken aback by this view of the case, so suddenly presented for his consideration.

"There's something in that," he said. "One doesn't, somehow, look at the affair in that light."

"Why not?" demanded Nance, in a low voice. "Is it unjust to bestow all the pity upon your friends, the Yorkes, and all the blame upon the man who lent them the money when they needed it. You speak of him as if he were a thief. You know nothing about him?"

"No," he admitted; "nothing. I do not even know his name. Yes, I remember; my father mentioned it last night. It is Harwood." He was silent a moment. "Yes, I see now what you mean. I was unjust. But it is the way the world looks at it."

"The world is always unjust," said Nance, unconsciously uttering a truism.

The young fellow looked at her with faint apprehension. There was a look, not so much of offense, but sad reproach in her eyes.

What had he said?

They reached the great gates leading into Lisle Court.

"I have to leave you now," he said, repressing a sigh of regret.

Nance pulled up.

He got out of the little cart and stood with his hand on the rail. "This is my home," he said. "My name is St. John Lisle." He hesitated a moment. "Will you not tell me whom I have to thank for so kindly giving me a drive? I should have been very tired if you had not come to my assistance."

He looked up at her face with eager expectancy. He wanted to know the name of this beautiful girl with the soft voice and deep, tender eyes, very badly.

Nance looked straight before her.

"My name is Christine Harwood," she said.

His hand grippet the rail of the cart tightly, the color left his face, and he stood regarding her aghast and in silence for a moment.

"Of Rainford Hall?" he said at last.

"Yes," said Nance. "I am the daughter of the man—he is dead—who turned your friends, the Yorkes, out of their home."

He caught his under lip in his teeth, bewildered by the suddenness of the attack.

"What can I say?" he said. "I did not know; how could I know? If I had guessed——"

"You would not have said what you did, but you would still have thought as hardly of my—my father and of me. It does not matter! Good-day."

"Stop," he said. "You must not go—I cannot let you go—you must wait and let me say how sorry I am." He faltered in his eagerness and anxiety. "Miss Harwood, I was unjust! I see it now. I saw it when you said what you did, on behalf of your father. Won't you forgive me?"

Her lips trembled. His humility, the earnestness of his plea for forgiveness touched her. Nance was never very hard-hearted.

"I forgive you!" she said. "But isn't it too big a word for so light an offence?"

"It was not a light offence," he said. "I must have wounded you cruelly—you, who, even if any wrong had been done, must have been quite innocent. Miss Harwood, we are close neighbors; if you forgive me, can we not be—friends?"

Nance made no response.

"See now," he said, bending forward, his eyes fixed earnestly on her face. "How can I believe in the reality of your forgiveness if we part now only to meet again as strangers?"

"I forgive you with all my heart," said Nance. "But—but I have no friends. I know no one here; I live quite alone. Good-bye."

He held out his hand.

"Will you not shake hands with me?" he said, his pleading voice again almost as soft as a woman's.

Nance shifted her whip into her left hand and put her right hand into his.

He held it, his face flushing, his eyes still fixed on hers, but gratefully now.

"Thank you," he said. "You have been very good to me, Miss Harwood. I shall never forget! Good-bye."

He stood in the road looking after her until Nance had driven round the corner of the lane that led to the Hall; then he took off his hat and passed his hand across his brow. He felt confused, bewildered by a sensation which was a subtle mixture of pleasure and pain.

The liquid tones of her voice rang in his ears, the deep violet eyes, with their expression of sad gentleness, still looked upon him; her face, in its frame of auburn gold, floated mystically before him. He felt that he was trembling. From an aching void in his heart there rose a voice crying—for what he knew not.

He went slowly up the broad gravel drive, level and smooth as granite, and bordered by noble elms, and entering Lisle Court passed through the hall, and up the broad stairs to his mother's boudoir.

The countess, a handsome woman, of little more than middle age, sat writing at a table. She looked up as he entered, and greeted him with a smile of deep affection.

This only son of hers was the joy of her life, the apple of her eye.

"You have come back, then, St. John?" she said. The "Sinjen"—the familiar pronunciation of "St. John"—was full of tenderness. "Are you tired? How pale you look. You should not walk so far! I shall have finished my letter directly, and will read to you if you like, or will we go for a drive."

"I am not tired, mother," he said in an absorbed, preoccupied tone which the countess could not fail to notice. "I did not walk back from Rainborough, I rode. A lady gave me a lift."

He sank into a chair.

"Yes?" said the countess. "Mrs. Thurtell, I suppose?"

Mrs. Thurtell was the rector's wife.

"No, mother," he said. "It was not Mrs. Thurtell; it was a very different lady. It was Miss Harwood."

"Harwood?" said the countess. "Harwood? Oh, the young person who has got Rainford Hall? My dear St. John, however did you come to make her acquaintance? How very unpleasant!"

"She was in difficulties with her pony; I was fortunate enough to be able to render her some slight assistance; she brought me home."

"Oh, dear!" said the countess.

"Mother," he said. "I want you to call on her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"TINKSHER OF MER."—Correct spelling is not by any means a universal accomplishment. Those who do not possess the art have various excuses for the deficiency. Here, for instance, is a person who cannot spell well when she writes with a gloved hand.

She was a showily dressed woman, who went into a druggist one day and said: "I want some tincture of—ol—I really forget the name of it, as I was sure I should, but I have it written down on a piece of paper here in my purse. Ah, here it is. I am afraid it isn't spelled right, for I wrote it with my glove on, but perhaps you can make it out."

"Tinksher of mer," read the clerk. "Ah, yes," said he, with a polite smile, "tincture of myrrh. How much will you have?"

MADE FROM WOOD.—Wood mosaics are now manufactured in a purely mechanical way at the Paris Palace of Industry. The scale of colors is extremely rich, their being no fewer than 12,000 different shades that can be used. This being the case, the very best paintings of the old masters can be faithfully reproduced. The great advantage attained in a mosaic is that, should the colors fade, they can be restored to their original hue by planing, because the fibre of the wood is thoroughly and evenly permeated by the colors. These mosaics are durably affixed to boards, with their colors beautifully exhibited by placing the grain of the wood at right angles.

"I WOULD die for you!" passionately exclaimed the rich old suitor, and the practical girl calmly asked him: "How soon?"

TRUE HEARTS.

BY AARON SMITH.

Let, let the world deceive us,
The many quit our side,
If changing years but leave us,
Peace, and a friend beside.
The eagle's flight is higher,
Yet gently soars the dove—
Oh, fold we closer, nigher,
The true hearts that we love.

In fair or stormy weather,
In sunshine or in rain,
We'll sail our barks together
Across life's changeful main;
From May to dark December,
Pleading our cause above,
And at Heaven's throne remember
The true hearts that we love!

A Modern Genie.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WIFE'S SISTER," "FLINT AND STEEL," ETC.

[Continued from last week.]

SOMETHING like an oath escaped Captain Bassett's lips.

"This is carrying the joke too far. Does the young fool think I'm going to be made the butt of his stupid jokes? By heaven, were it not that he is his father's son, I would horsewhip him, or duck him in the horse-trough. To think that he should now be making fun of my sentimental folly about his cousin."

Any ordinary joke he might have overlooked; but that his heart's inmost and secret thoughts, as represented in the miniature and its accompanying memorandum, should be bared to this madcap boy's eyes, and possibly made the subject of ridicule, this was indeed unbearable.

There being nothing to do, he bottled his indignation for the time, and proceeded to complete the operation of dressing, which had been suspended by his first strange discovery. But he had not got on his coat when a new thought rushed into his mind.

It came upon him like a revelation.

He had never been in that room before.

Strong man, and brave as he was, a cold moisture broke over his forehead. He had all along attributed the changes in the contents of the outer apartment to the nimble-fingered, light-footed Dick, who had of course got into the room and effected the changes while the Captain slept.

But now he saw it was not so. He was in a different room altogether from that in which Dick had left him the previous evening. Of that there was no longer room for doubt.

True, the fittings and the furniture, down to the smallest detail, were the same. But whereas the alcove containing the bed had been the previous night to the right of the door, it was now to the left. Obversely the fireplace, which had been to his left the previous night as he entered the room, was now to his right. Then too, the fireplace, which was empty when he went to bed, now contained the burnt embers of a fire which must have been burning when he went to bed, for they were still warm.

Stepping to the alcove he again noted the changes there. The bed was the same, the chairs, hangings, wardrobe—all were the same.

But he was now certain the wardrobe had been removed to the opposite side of the bed from that where it stood ten hours ago.

But, stay! was it the wardrobe which had been moved, or was it the bed?

He now remembered that after putting out the light he had lain on his right side gazing at the faint glimmer of the moon through the window.

But were he to lie on his right side on the same bed, and undoubtedly in the same alcove, now, he would face, not the open room and the window beyond, but the wall within three feet or so of the bedside!

Fortunately for Captain Bassett he was neither nervous nor superstitious. He knew there could have been no supernatural agency at work. All the changes could, of course, have been effected only by physical means.

"I must have been drugged or chloroformed, or something, and carried to some other room!" he said. "Though how that imp could have got men to help him play such a trick—as he must have done—passes my comprehension!"

But even this explanation would not bear investigation. For, not only must he himself have been removed, but also the bed on which he lay, and the alcove on which the bed was placed; for beyond the possibility of doubt the bed and the alcove were the very same that they had been the previous night; while equally beyond a doubt the larger room was not the same.

How to explain this seeming paradox was beyond his powers, but that it was so must now be placed beyond question.

Swallowing his anger and chagrin as best he could, he now completed his toilet, and proceeded to the breakfast room, where he found the others already assembled. Was it fancy, or did he really perceive a mantling blush on Miss Villiers' face as he entered? Dick's attempt to imitate the inscrutable sphinx was a decided failure, for he with difficulty smothered a laugh as he gazed upon the storm-cloud on the Captain's brow.

The morning was spent on the stubble; Captain Bassett, generally accounted a good shot, scoring misses of which the veriest tyro would have been ashamed. The Colonel and Dick, however, made up up for their guest's failures, and the party returned to lunch with a fair bag.

"I am going to drive over to Somerton Road to meet Mr. Aspinwell, who is going to spend a few days with us," remarked the Colonel; "will you accompany me, Bassett?"

"No, dad!" interposed Dick; "Captain Bassett has promised me an hour after lunch."

Before the surprised guest could contradict the mendacious lad, the Colonel rose, saying:

"Then, in that case, I'd better be off," and left the room.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

Five minutes later Captain Bassett stood in the library glaring down upon his host's son.

"Now, sir! what have you to say?" he demanded.

"What have I to say?" echoed Dick, in a tone of well-assumed innocence.

"I want no parleying with you, lad," came the stern response. "I want a full and complete explanation. And I warn you if that explanation be not satisfactory, I may be forced, unwillingly perhaps, but none the less certainly, to adopt strong measures to mark my sense of the manner you have been pleased to treat your father's guest."

Dick, who had been whistling unconcernedly, stopped at this. Lifting his head proudly, and gazing unflinchingly in the Captain's angry eyes, he said:

"Captain Bassett, you will excuse me, but were it not that I have a deeper respect for my father's honor as host than I have even for my father's guest, I should resent the tone you have assumed towards me, and dare you to do what you like!"

As he looked at the spirited lad, the soldier's glance softened. The bold and haughty reply had touched a sympathetic cord in his breast, and he proceeded more coldly:

"I did not come here to bandy threats, but to seek that explanation which is my due."

The smile returned to Dick's face.

"Look here, Captain," he said, "we are not going to quarrel. You may ride your high horse and welcome, and I'll not kick. You think you've been badly treated, and on the face of it, it may look so. But you may change your mind. Now what is it you want to know?"

"You got into my room last night?"

"Before you went to bed; not after."

"Where are the things I left on my table last night?"

"I have neither touched nor set eyes upon them."

"You moved my bed?"

"I give you my word of honor I didn't touch your bed after I left you."

"But I got up this morning in a different room from that in which I went to sleep last night."

"And yet, I repeat, neither I nor anyone else touched your bed. But I don't want to beat about the bush. You remember my challenge last night?"

Captain Bassett bit his moustache, but made no reply. The lad continued:

"I said I would, unknown to her and unknown to you, bring my Princess Badoura into your room, and when you woke in the morning you would be surrounded by the signs and proofs of her presence, and yet be unable to believe your eyes. Now I ask you, have I, or have I not fulfilled that promise?"

"Do you mean to say, Dick, that the room I occupied this morning was your cousin's room?"

"Exactly."

"The room she occupied last night?"

"Precisely!"

"Then all I have to say is that you deserve the veriest horsewhipping man or boy ever had!"

Dick laughed in his face.

"Now, now, don't you go off at a tangent again without knowing where you are. When all's said and done, there's no harm. I said that unknown to her as well as to you, I would bring this about—and so I have. You got up in her room—she got up in yours."

"Good heavens! Do you mean to say that—that——"

"Then when Kate got up this morning she found your shaving case where her jewel-box should have been, and your dress-coat where her last evening's dress was placed? That is exactly the state of things."

The Captain struck his clenched hand against his forehead.

"Then she must have seen—must have seen——"

"Seen you? Oh dear me, no! No more than you saw her. You were as far apart as when I left you."

"Tush! Seen what I had left on the table."

"If in the outer room, yes. She occupied her own alcove, but got your room. You occupied your alcove and got her room. That's all."

It was a relief to learn that Dick, at all events, knew nothing of the miniature. But—and the thought to a man of Captain Bassett's sensitive nature was little short of madness—Miss Villiers, from whom he would have at any cost hidden his thoughts, now knew his secret. More than this, the photograph and lock of hair which he treasured—she would think he had no right to them; she had never given them to him; she never knew he had them.

"Oh, Dick Dick!" he groaned, "if you knew what your folly is like to cost me!"

"More than you think, I'm afraid. Why don't you ask Kate to marry you? If you want her, you've got to ask her today; you've got to ask her before the governor comes back bringing with him the man they want her to marry."

"Is that true, Dick?"

"On my word. I'm neither blind nor deaf. I heard the whole conspiracy. Her father tried to get her to marry Lord Ravensteak, but she kicked over the traces."

"Good heavens! Ravensbeak! Gambler, rogue——"

"Yes, a bad lot altogether, I'm afraid. But, you see, the case is this. Unless Kate marries within three weeks she'll lose the hundred thousand her aunt left her. Her father and mother are wild to see her safe, and mad that she will persist in refusing every offer."

"And she has refused?"

"A host of the pick of the season. Aspinwell is the last hope, and she has been sent here to meet him, though she doesn't know that. I know she doesn't care for him, though he's not a bad sort. If you're half the man I take you to be you will rush to rescue the unprotected damsel, and all that, you know."

"But look here, Dick, don't you think—"

"I think you're funking. But I'll have no parleying with you. What I've said I'll stick to. You've got to face the guns within the hour. And by jove! There's Kate coming! I'll be off. Just one word. Faint heart—you know."

And the lad dashed away through the door as his cousin entered through the open window.

* * * * * *

There was a striking difference between the appearance of these two young people as they stood facing each other.

The timid girl was cool, self-possessed, and, to one who knew her ways, in a distinctly aggressive humor.

The man of the world, the experienced soldier tried and never found wanting when it would have been no dishonor to have flinched, stood evidently ill at ease, with flushed face and deprecating look as though he were a culprit caught red-handed.

Miss Villiers was the first to speak, and her words were hardly calculated to restore his equanimity.

"Captain Bassett," said she, in that musical tone whose echoes had been wont to linger long in his ears, but which, nevertheless, had now a hard unsympathetic ring about them; "Captain Bassett, I have come to offer and to request an explanation and an apology."

He bowed, but could find no words to answer.

"I have to apologize for the inconvenience and trouble my cousin's practical joke must have caused you. You will, I am sure, acquit his parents and myself from any participation in or the slightest knowledge of the trick until it was done."

"Permit me, Miss Villiers!"

"A moment, please, and I shall be glad to have your explanation. I wish to add that neither Colonel Somerton nor my aunt is even yet aware that the trick has been played. And though he little deserves it, I would bespeak your consideration for my cousin so far as not to mention this latest of his escapades."

"I have just been having it out with Dick, and had no intention of making the slightest further reference to the matter."

"Very good. Did he tell you how the thing was done?"

"No. I was simply aware that I had in some inexplicable fashion changed my room without changing my bed."

A faint suspicion of color mantled her pale cheek.

"Briefly, this is the explanation. Colonel Somerton's father had a strong bent for mechanics, and the idea, suggested possibly by a desire to play a practical joke on some companion, seems to have presented itself that he might provide a pair of interchangeable bedrooms. The alcoves, in which the beds are placed, stand on a strong framework turning on a central pivot, in such a manner that by the simple operation of a lever, certain machinery is put in motion, and the whole structure of the alcoves makes a half turn, thus placing the western alcove in connection with the eastern bedroom, and vice versa. A further manipulation of the lever will result in another half turn, placing the bedrooms in all respects as they were. When you get back to your bedroom you will find things as they were last night. My cousin knows this trick, and has given me before a practical illustration, during daylight, of how the thing works. But it never entered my head for a moment that he would ever venture to play the trick upon any of his father's guests. He went so far as to change the bedroom intended for you without his mother's knowledge. Had you slept where his mother had arranged, and where she thinks you were, the trick would have been impossible. On Colonel Somerton's behalf, and that of my aunt, I now desire to tender you an apology."

"No such apology was needed, I can assure you. I of course felt angry with Dick, not so much that I had been made the butt of his humor, but that you should—I mean that I—that is to say——"

"You may as well be candid, Captain Bassett," she said coldly, "and say that I should have been made an unwilling witness to an act on your part which, unless you can satisfactorily explain, I must characterize as dishonorable."

Captain Bassett flushed angrily.

"Miss Villiers," he said, and the calmness and evenness of his tones were in striking contrast to his late incoherence; "I would respectfully remind you that you are abusing the privilege of a woman when you call my honor in question."

"How do you account"—she began hotly, passionately.

He raised his hand.

"Excuse me," he said, "I will not pretend to misapprehend your meaning. You ask for an explanation of how your photograph, and that lock of your hair came into my possession?"

"That first," she said, biting her lips.

"That alone—and no more, Miss Villiers," he said coldly. "May I trouble you to carry your thoughts back to a twelvemonth since, when you, in company with other ladies, acted the part of good Samaritans to the Soudan wounded in Cairo—among whom I was proud to rank myself?"

She bowed.

"You will doubtless recollect that among these to whom you so tenderly ministered was a young ensign of my company—a mere boy."

"Whose life you so gallantly saved," she whispered, the words trembling on her lips, as the tears trembled in her eyes from which the fire was now quenched.

"He, the boy, Frank Coldford, was good enough to think so; in any case the bond between us was an uncommon one. You doubtless also remember the circumstances under which you gave him the—the articles to which you have referred?"

"He told me," and there was a break in the sweet voice, "that his case was hopeless, and he begged of me to let him have them—that they would—oh, I cannot speak of it!"

"I regret to have caused you pain. His words were that he wanted to have these of yours with him when he died."

An audible sob.

"The night he died I sat watching by his side. I will not trouble you with de-

tails. Suffice it to say that he had guessed more than I cared he should, more perhaps than I knew myself. He gave me the photo and the lock of hair, and begged me to keep them for his sake, and yours." The proud head was bent low.

"That dying request of my friend I have religiously observed. I have never from that day until this morning been separated from the keepsakes. And, Miss Villiers, with all due consideration for the feelings which must possess you in knowing these articles are in the hands of a stranger, of one who has undoubtedly no claim upon you, I must beg of you not to put an obstacle in the way of fulfilling my promise to my friend."

For answer she drew from her pocket the case containing the miniature and the lock of hair, and handed them to him without a word.

"I thank you," he said coldly. "You may rely upon it that none but yourself shall ever know I have these, while I live. I explained how they came into my possession, and have, I trust, made good my right to them. Having done so, I hardly think any apology for retaining them is necessary."

She looked up, her tear-dimmed eyes glancing shyly towards him.

"You have not explained all," she said.

"All you have a right to have explained. "May I be allowed to retire?"

She bent her head. He turned to leave her. A whisper caught his ear.

"Won't you explain?" she asked when he turned back.

His face had grown gray.

"I have nothing further to explain," he said; but notwithstanding his efforts he felt his calmness deserting him.

"Captain Bassett," she said, "you are ungenerous in compelling me to say more. Frank Coldford gave me a parting gift."

He started, and gazed eagerly, anxiously, at her as, with downcast face and trembling fingers, she drew a second packet forth, and held it towards him.

It was his own miniature which he had given Frank Coldford a day or two before he died. For a moment the pallor on his face deepened, then came a rush of blood to his head. He looked at her. She had turned her face away, but the beautiful graceful neck he could see suffused. In a moment everything was forgotten but his deep love.

"Miss Villiers—Kate! May I?" he began brokenly, appealingly, as the girl stood with bent head and averted face before him. What more he would have said need not be told, for the next moment she lay sobbing on his breast, while he poured into her willing ear the pent up feelings of the past twelve months, and explained how the loss of his own fortune, and the knowledge that she had become a great heiress, had operated to keep him silent.

Sweet and sacred was the interchange of confidences.

* * * * * *

But the surprises of the day were not yet over. They were caught unawares by Mrs. Somerton—not, I fear, without Dick's cognizance; and Captain Bassett felt then and there called upon to make a second explanation.

"And what, may I ask, do you propose doing, Captain Bassett?" she inquired coldly.

Her tone was not one to encourage a suitor less bashful than Captain Bassett.

"The thing has been so sudden that I really have no definite plan," he replied. "But I think of proceeding to South Africa, and hope in time to be in a position to offer marriage."

"And meanwhile Miss Villiers must sacrifice a hundred thousand pounds for the sake of waiting a dozen years for a wandering husband?"

"I would sacrifice that twice over, aunt," said Kate hotly.

Her aunt ignored this answer.

"I would put it to you, Captain Bassett, whether you are acting honorably in depriving Miss Villiers of this legacy?"

"Miss Villiers must judge for herself in that matter," replied he.

"I will marry no one else," said Kate, roused again.

Mrs. Somerton continued to address Captain Bassett as though her niece had not intervened.

"But allowing for a moment it is right you should permit her to forego this legacy, it is, I ask, right that you should also rob her parents of ten thousand pounds? Unless she marries within three weeks not only does she lose her dowry, but her father is also deprived of the sum I have named."

Captain Bassett was essentially a man of action.

He turned to Kate.

"Will you?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Neither the dowry nor the legacy shall be sacrificed," he said. "We'll marry within the time specified."

Mrs. Somerton smiled—and left them.

"It was not what I had intended," she remarked to her husband when he came home, "but it solves the difficulty all the same—and the money is safe in any case."

Her sister and her sister's husband had sufficient common-sense to take the same view of the matter. The only disappointed person was Mr. Aspinwell, who did not enjoy his visit quite so much as he had anticipated.

Dick Somerton seriously entertains the idea of changing his name to Danhasch the Genie.

[NOTE.—The remarkable mechanical device on which the above story is founded, really exists in a family mansion in the North of England. The inventor, a country gentleman of somewhat limited means, did not make quite so happy a use of the mechanism as Dick Somerton seems to have done. A rich maiden aunt with whom he was a great favorite, while on a visit to the house, was made the subject of the experiment so successfully tried on Captain Bassett. Her anger at the trick played upon her was however so great that, refusing to listen to any explanation or apology, she forthwith packed up her belongings and left the place in high dudgeon. Her unhappy nephew, who had been regarded as her heir, found himself at her death six months later, cut off with the proverbial shilling.]

[THE END.]

To a Throne.

BY T. A. B.

On a day in which April gave her coming sister, May, the "delicate compliment of imitation," when the hedgerows were blooming all over England, and the violets and celandines, the daisies and wild hyacinths, were showing their modest heads, a young girl was wending her way towards the great city of London. Slenderly clad, and having no shoes or stockings upon her small white feet, she tripped along as if the stones had no power to harm anything so beautiful. The girl's face was young and blooming, and her limbs had that rare quality of freedom of motion, which is still the characteristic of our rustic maidens.

A happy and contented smile beamed upon her lips, as if she were at peace with all the world, notwithstanding the fact that it had not bestowed upon her any remarkable wealth—her whole fortune being wrapped up, at that moment, in a very small checkered handkerchief, which she carried as a bundle on her head to screen it from the too fervid rays of the sun.

She sat down in a green lane which turned off from the high road, and passed the hour of noon. A piece of bread, a few leaves of sorrel, and a little water in the hollow of her hand, from the brook that ran beneath the trees, seemed sufficient refreshment. She bathed her pretty feet, wiping them with some dried grass of last year's growth, and laving hands and arms, and neck, in the same ample basin, and wetting her luxurious hair, she set off again upon her solitary way, singing blithely as she went.

No one spoke to, or annoyed her, although many looked a second time at the brilliant complexion and the soft blue eyes, so typical of the Kentish beauty. At length, as the twilight was approaching, she began to weary of her long walk, and stopped before a small inn.

The landlord sat upon a bench beside the door, under a large lime-tree, with a fresh-filled tankard by his side, and as the girl paused before him he good-naturedly bade her stop and rest herself, and take some refreshment.

"Thank you kindly, sir," she replied. "I have no money to pay for it; but I should be glad of rest. I am going to London."

"To London," said he, "and without money? You are crazy, young woman. How do you expect to live there without money?"

"Please you, sir, I shall go to place," she replied.

"Ah! that is it. Well, sit down at this table," said the host, leading her to a room where some guests were just departing, "and eat as much as you please."

The girl could not resist the invitation, though not without some feeling of shame at taking food at a tavern without paying for it; but the landlord helped her so bountifully, and the food tasted so good after her scanty dinner of bread and water, that she made a hearty meal.

After her abundant supper, he proceeded to say that his servant had left him, and he would be glad to supply her place with such a pleasant-looking girl as herself; and unless she had had offers in London superior to what the Blue Dragon could present, he wished she would stay with him.

Anne was delighted at the proposition, and readily accepted it, and as soon as her tired feet became rested she was the life and soul of the Blue Dragon—the Egeria of that inexhaustible fountain of home-brewed, which the good humored landlord kept on hand for his ever thirsty guests.

Among these guests was a rich brewer, who fancied that his own ale tasted better at the Blue Dragon than elsewhere, especially after the pretty barmaid had come, to whom he directed particular attention. He saw that she was neat, modest and sprightly, carrying herself, in her exposed situation, with a delicacy and dignity that well became her, while it did not prevent her from being pleasant and agreeable to the guests.

At the end of three months the brewer proposed marriage. Anne's calm, blue eyes opened wide. But she accepted him and they were married.

While the brewer lived, she presided over it with a soft, sweet, lady-like decorum. Then the brewer died.

There was another wooing before time had even touched the cheek of the young and beautiful widow with a single ley finger, and this time she was raised still higher. Sir Thomas Aylesbury, a man high in the king's confidence and esteem, and holding high and responsible offices—a man, too, who possessed a fine landed estate, was among the many who aspired to her love. She accepted him, and at the same time disappointed many others, to whom her youth, beauty and wealth would have made her a desirable prize. She lived with him long and happily. Children were born to them, whose worth, beauty and talents reflected honor upon their parents, and brought them into notice in the world.

Frances Aylesbury was like her mother—handsome, quick, and talented. Her lot it was to increase the family honors, and this was the way in which it was brought about:

Some of the distant relatives of the brewer, Anne's first husband, began to dispute her right to his estate, and carried their imaginary claims to a court of law. She was advised to consult Edward Hyde, a young man whose rising promise was fast ripening into fruit.

In the long siege of legal embarrassments and delays consequent upon this, Lady Aylesbury visited the office of the young barrister a great many times, and was often accompanied by her daughter. The young folks fell in love, and, although the young man had no fortune, Sir Thomas overlooked this, in consideration of his near relationship to the celebrated Sir Nicholas Hyde, and the prospect of his attaining to eminence in his profession.

Troubles came to the throne and state. The king raised his standard in Nottingham, and Sir Thomas Aylesbury joined his cause. He was set down as a malignant by the Roundheads, his hall was burnt, and, after many hair breadth escapes, he fled to Antwerp. He died at Breda in 1657, at the age of eighty-one, bequeathing all his property to Frances, wife of Edward Hyde.

After the execution of the king, Hyde remained in the Island of Jersey, writing the history of the Stuarts. He was active at the Restoration, was created Earl of Clarendon, and afterwards became Lord Chancellor.

Faster and faster came the honors of the family of whom the pretty barmaid was the foundress. Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Clarendon, and Frances Aylesbury, was married to the young Duke of York, afterwards James II., King of England; and thus the barmaid of a country tavern became the grandmother to a queen.

PUZZLED.—The English love of dancing still puzzles lazy Orientals. At a recent ball at Rangoon, as two native grooms were watching the festivities from a verandah, one of them asked his companion why the couples walked about after each dance. This was the reply in stable phraseology: "The sahibs run the mem and misses round to make them hot, and then walk them round to cool them down."

THEY say that money does not bring happiness. This is an experiment, however, which everyone wishes to try for himself.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP.—The sheep is the only animal that is made vicious by petting. A young ram that is raised by hand, at the house, becomes bold and soon learns to attack cattle and persons.

TOOLS.—The better condition in which the farm tools are kept, the less effort is required on the part of teams, and on the part of the workingman also, yet farmers will use their implements a whole year without sharpening them.

WEEDS.—Excepting the golden rod, milk weed and ragweed, all the rest of our weeds have been imported. These weeds are the most troublesome and persistent. If it was some one's duty to keep them from the highways, these pests would not travel so fast.

QUEEN BEES.—An apiarist gives the following advice: To clip the queen's wings, open the hive and hit the frame carefully on avoid jars. When the queen is seen, with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors lift one of the front wings and cut off about half of it. This will prevent her leaving the swarm.

DEAD LIMBS.—If there are half dead limbs on the tree it is right to cut them out, but to lop off limbs right and left, which are healthy but not growing, is going to cripple the tree severely. If the trees are not in the natural end of their growth through age, what they need is manure and cultivation.

SHIPPING.—How many farmers know how, when and where to ship in order to dispose of their products? The merchant is careful to learn where to buy and sell, and keeps himself posted on prices. He also knows from whom to procure goods at the lowest cost and where to find the best markets. The farmer should be a business man when it comes to selling and buying. To succeed he should read and learn, and be prepared before the crops mature.

Scientific and Useful.

OIL AND GAS.—Oil and gas stoves, while coming in competition with the old-time coal stove, have had no effect upon the sales of the latter. This is somewhat remarkable, but the history of a great many improvements in civilization is like it.

THE BLIND.—By means of a recent invention the blind are enabled to write with facility, using the ordinary Roman alphabet. The invention is described as a blinded metal plate with square perforations arranged in parallel lines, inside of which the stylus is moved in making the letters.

TORPEDOES.—Torpedo scissors, a new form of torpedo net cutter invented by a Danish naval officer, have proved successful, it is said, in recent tests. They are fixed to the head of the torpedo, and fall apart on striking the net, cutting it, so as to let the torpedo pass through and strike the ship.

AN ELEVATED BICYCLE TRACK.—It is said that money has been subscribed to build an elevated bicycle track between Chicago and Milwaukee. The plan contemplates an elevation of sixteen feet and a toll of ten cents for the entire length of the road. Such an elevation in a prairie country would probably give a dead level track for the whole distance and practically throw off the speed limit.

TO CLEAN GUNS.—Cut a piece of pasteboard quite round from three to four inches diameter, and with a pair of scissors cut several pieces of the same shape and size from an old cotton waistcoat or drawers. Place three or four of these at the end of the cleaning rod, which must be flat, and ram them up and down the barrel in the same manner as with tow, changing the pieces as required during the process of cleaning, and drying the interior of the barrel. Having two or three cleaning rods will of course save time. By this method it occupies only a few minutes to clean a gun, and the risk of leaving any inflammable substance behind in the barrel is avoided.

MOTHERS will find Lea and Perrins' Sauce and Invigorator [illegible] Jaynes's Tonic Vermifuge [illegible] as a strengthening medicine [illegible] as a stimulant drink and wine [illegible] only for their children, it is [illegible] useful.

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Weather and Disease.

Usually epidemic diseases of the digestive organs wane with the end of midsummer. Outdoors, too, the life of nature is waning. The growth of green plants has passed its highest development, but then appears a coarse, harsh vegetation of chlorophylless plants, the fungi. The earth and underground water have now reached the highest temperature that they attain in the whole year, and now shoot up everywhere the horrid myriads of visible and invisible fungi, among them the bacteria and bacilli often so dangerous to man.

Innumerable hosts of them swim about in the river and underground waters, sail through the air and settle in human organs, which offer them a desirable home and breeding place. For this reason late summer is the season for infectious diseases. Then typhoid prevails in city and country and cholera begins its conquest. Besides, diseases whose propagation depends on their being carried from place to place, are favored by the brisk traveling at this time of the year. By all these things it may be seen how there is such a spread of contagious diseases in late summer.

When summer has departed, her successor, autumn, takes the land by storm, accompanied often with raw winds. Our bodies debilitated by the warm weather now have to encounter cold nights and wet days. Soon the harmful effects of the often sudden and great changes of temperature incident to fall weather are felt in catarrhs of the respiratory organs. That it is not the cold alone which causes catarrhal diseases is shown by the fact that these diseases prevail mostly in the late fall and early spring and not in the coldest part of the winter.

We arm ourselves against all these cold-diseases by availing ourselves of every measure which would tend to "toughen" us. Whoever does not do this, will, the farther the winter advances become always weaker from lack of exercise and always less able to resist. Then soon become established such unwelcome guests as rheumatism, influenza, diphtheria, and lung fever. Both the latter find a favorable footing in the respiratory organs debilitated by catarrh.

Should the cold spell be but short and mild, and often interrupted by sunny days, only the weakest persons suffer. But if the winter is very raw and long, even strong constitutions fall a direct prey to diseases, or their bodies, usually their entire organism, are so unfavorably affected that they now have weakened constitutions disposed to diseases. This is why the various lung troubles, especially inflammation of the lungs, reach their culmination toward the end of winter.

Finally everything breathes easier; spring approaches! New hope and new life fill young and old. But right now the sick and convalescents must take the most precautions against the dangerous humors of the weather.

It is well known that among the consumptives Death reaps his richest harvest in the spring and fall. If they have happily survived the summer's settled warm weather, the rude storms of late autumn cut them down. For the survivors comes now the hopeless long, long winter, when they must be deprived of their well-spring of life, the pure fresh out-door air, and be subjected to all the evils of excess of indoor temperature. Weak almost to death, in the first beautiful spring days they convalesce, but only too often a freak of April weather or a belated frost in May sends them to their grave.

Shall we then give up the battle because we are not in the least able to change our climate? By no means! But we must toughen our bodies against changes in weather.

A life that essentially is passed indoors, is physiologically not a normal life; we see it, only too often, attended by sickness and weakness. On the contrary, we find the soundest men among those who pursue their business actually under the open sky (bunters, sailors, soldiers, farmers). Thus daily exercise in the fresh, free air, under changing conditions of weather, and at all times of year, is a means of resisting the influence of the weather. Whoever battles valiantly against unhealthful weather, can become his own master, and can even secure for himself vital strength and the enjoyment of health.

We advise young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible the use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of good language will be; and if the golden age of youth—the proper season for the acquisition of language—be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads instead of the slang which he hears, to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country, to treasure up choice phrases in his memory and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated mind.

None but a married man has a home in his old age; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the old bachelor; there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unfailing assurances of care and love. The old bachelor may be courted for his money; he may eat, and drink, and revel, as such things go; and he may sicken and die, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey; but he will never know what it is to be loved; he can never know the comforts of the domestic fireside.

There are but two ways which lead to great aims and achievements—energy and perseverance. Energy is a rare gift—it provokes opposition, hatred and reaction. But perseverance lies within the reach of every one, its power increases with its progress, and it is but rarely that it misses its aim. Where perseverance is out of the question, where I cannot exert a protracted influence, I had better not attempt to exert any influence at all, for I should only disturb the organic development of affairs, and paralyze the natural remedies which they contain, without any guarantee for a more favorable result.

Charity is not the only quality which begins at home. It is throwing away money to spend a thousand a year on the teaching of three boys, if they are to return from school only to find the older members of their family intent on amusing themselves at any cost of time and trouble, or sacrificing self-respect in ignoble efforts to struggle into a social grade above their own. The child will never place his aims high and pursue them steadily unless the parent has taught him what energy and elevation of purpose mean, not less by example than by precept.

An old general, after a dreadful defeat, called together his staff, and inquired about the condition of his troops. He was informed that they suffered from nothing but want of heart. They had food, but would not build fires to cook it—had all they needed, but had no heart for the hour. The general replied, "Unless we can fill their minds with hope, all is indeed lost." These words might be repeated along all the paths of mankind, for, unless the heart be kept full of happy anticipation, all is already in sad decline.

No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, and dispatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring eternally, but to no purpose—is in constant motion without getting on a jot; he is in everybody's way, but stops nobody; he talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into everything, but sees into nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, yet few of them are hot, and with those few he only burns his fingers.

Avoid intermeddling with the affairs of others. A number of people seldom meet but they begin discussing the affairs of some one absent. This is not only uncharitable but positively unjust. It is equivalent to trying a cause in the absence of the person implicated. Even in the criminal code a prisoner is presumed to be innocent until he is found guilty. Society however is less just, and passes judgment without hearing the defence.

The memories of childhood, the long, far-away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayers, the voice of a departed playfellow, the ancient church and schoolmaster, in all their green and hallowed associations, come back upon the heart in the autumn of life, like the passage of a pleasantly remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own purity and sweetness over it.

Every woman has a mission on earth. There is "something to do" for every one—a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some degraded or homeless humanity to befriend. That soul is poor indeed that leaves the world without having exerted an influence that will be felt for good after she has passed away.

How independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humbliest home! A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but, if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

We should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. We learn nothing of our experience except we muse upon it.

Wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little and wants less, is richer than he that has much and wants more.

To excel in anything valuable is great, but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

A. C. R.—To take impressions of a print, wet it with turpentine; it will then transfer an impression on wood or glass, if the print be not too old and dry.

T. B. B.—They are distinct reptiles. Alligators are a subgenus of crocodiles, differing from crocodiles in their habits, but agreeing with them in many essential parts of their structure and economy.

Cora.—1. The date of the death of the Siamese twins was January 17, 1874. Their age at the time of death was 63 years. 2. The discovery of chloroform as an anæsthetic agent was first announced in 1832, by Doctor Samuel Guthrie, of Sackett's Harbor, N. Y. 3. Stephen Decatur did not die a natural death, being killed in a duel with Commodore James Barron, at Bladensburg, March 22, 1820.

Mediæval.—Hauts de chausses were long hose fitting tightly to the legs. They were kept up by the lower part of the brais a kind of short knitted trousers, the two be fastened together with a string. The bra were held above the hips by a belt called brafer. The division of the hose at the knee, which necessitated the use of garters, was not introduced until the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Horbury.—Fish contains the largest amount of phosphorus, and has been strongly recommended as nutriment for brain-workers. We are not however aware that the fish-ing part of the population is the most intellectual, or the best provided in the matter "nerves." A well-assorted and varied diet the most suitable for all classes. Fish sho form a portion of the diet, and good brea large element. Bread is the "staff of life."

W. N.—Do not allow the young gen man to monopolize all your attention, a he really does return your affection, he wi likely to overcome his bashfulness sufficie to make an explanation of the state of feelings when he finds that others desire society as well as himself. If, on the o hand, he cares less for you than you th you will bear your disappointment much ter when you have some one else on who fall back.

H. E. W.—Mussels do undoubtedly agree with some persons, and produce u pt sant and even painful symptoms of poi We believe the notion that they are po nd at certain times of the year, because the ck feed on the eggs of star-fish, to be as ri ous as that they are rendered unwholesom the copper of ships' bottoms. It is pro that, like other molluscs and some f they are unfit for food during and just their spawning season.

Bussetts.—The Mediterranean, th poetically termed a "tideless sea," is strictly so; since in its latitudinal exte tween Venice and the Lesser Syrtis, it e ences a rise and fall of from five to seve Tides are also felt, but somewhat irregu on the sides of the Gibraltar current, Gulf of Cornith, and the Strait of Mes and there is a curious reciprocal motio the waters in the channel of the Euripus, tween Greece and Negropont.

Patty L.—Your own common-s should teach you there is no reason to bel that any ill luck attends a party of thirt unless, indeed, there should only be dinner twelve. How could the fact that thirteen sa down to dinner cause one of the party to d within a year? If there were any truth in belief the insurance companies should it out by this time; but we have never he any company which objects to its policy ers sitting down thirteen to dinner as often they choose.

Acorn.—It is impossible to fix the tural life of an oak. After it has reache full development, if the conditions are f able, it may continue to draw sufficien ishment from the ground to prolong i Vility for an almost interminable period. uble the monarch of trees falls from decre a it is generally struck down by some om-wind, or by lightning. The estimat hundred years to grow, one hundred rt of flourish, and one hundred years to nded arbitrary and probably inadequate. ould to

Byzantine.—The Greek cros equal arms—indeed it is probably at all. By a long reach into ant among Greeks derived most of their ideas sistered the Egyptians; and it has been company—a even the "hot cross bun" of Chr. fact, a cake which was originally y saved," an offering to idols, most like mbling on worship. The meaning of the four elements, earth, air, fire, a her eyes ceeding from a common centre. enched. the "hot cross bun," the shard, was good supplies an additional feat se the bond ments are bounded by a cir ion one. You universe and eternity. r the circum-

C. T.—"Spiritual" an gave him the- fairs are simply spoken have referred" tinct, for the sake of con was a break in certainly only different subject. We speak of the case was hope- character of the same ind to let him have mercial and social interd —oh, I cannot tinctions are arbitrary prehends and includes ed you pain. His ual and temporal cond ated to have these hand in hand, but by on he died." A Sunday or occasion Religion is an affai real. The spirit ended I sat watching by spiritual gives for trouble you with de- well as control, character.

HOPE'S COUNSEL.

BY AELA.

Let us be happy while we may,
Nor speak of coming sorrow;
Why mar the pleasure of to-day
By thinking of to-morrow?

Some clouds may fall (perchance too soon!)
Around our pathway streaming,
So must the brilliant sky of noon
Fade in the gloom of evening.

But darken not the fleeting hours
While yet the sun is shining,
Nor dim the joys that still are ours
By weak and vain repining.

Some fairy days of bliss we yet
From life's short team may borrow,
And lingering in their light, forget
The griefs which come to morrow.

Exchanged.

BY T. K.

GOODNESS gracious, Marian! How wretched you look!"

These words were addressed to Miss Marian Lindsay by her bosom-friend Alice Darton, who greatly deluded herself when she fancied (which she certainly did fancy) that Marian had no secrets from her.

"I have had such a dreadful headache all day, Alice," said Marian, languidly; "and am only fit to be in bed, I believe."

"Is your headache nervous, rheumatic, or bilious?" said Alice, gaily. "I will prescribe for you. If nervous, take eau phor julep; if rheumatic, wrap your head up well in flannel; and if bilious, take a blue pill, and try to sleep."

"I wish I could sleep," sighed Marian, plaintively.

"Poor Marian!" exclaimed Alice, compassionately. "I see I shall do you no good by my usual rattling chatter; so go upstairs, pull down the blinds, and try to sleep your nasty headache away. When George comes home, remember me to him, and tell him I have just finished his cigar-case."

Alice kissed Marian, and then tripped lightly away. Had Marian told her friend that she had a heart-ache instead of a head-ache, she would have spoken nearer the truth; but, alas! Marian seldom paid much regard to truth when it suited her to sacrifice it. And she would rather have died than allow her best friend, Alice Darton, to know that a hopeless passion caused her to look wretched. A few words will tell how she was situated.

Marian and George Lindsay were orphans. Their mother was a half-cousin of the gentleman whose roof now sheltered them, and who had lost his wife some years before he took charge of them. Mr. Harcourt made Marian his housekeeper, and sent George to college to pursue his studies, with a view to his entering the Church.

Mr. Harcourt had an only son, Randal, who was the secret object of Marian's affections, but who, unfortunately, had no tender thoughts for Marian, having, from his infancy, been taught to regard Miss Oriana Belmore, the daughter of a wealthy West Indian, as his future wife.

It had been the dearest wish of Mr. Harcourt's heart that Randal should marry this young lady, and, contrary to custom in similar cases, Randal had endeavored to turn his affections in the direction his father wished. With the most pleasurable feelings Randal looked forward to the period of Miss Belmore's arrival in England, which was fixed for the next Spring, and Marian's heart was filled with despair, when she thought that in six months Randal would be lost to her for ever.

She felt as if she could never survive the blow which made him the husband of another, and all the while, Randal (poor fellow!) was utterly unconscious of the sad pain he had made in Marian's heart, but her aunt [illegible] manners and handsome person [illegible] to blame for all the mischief he had [illegible] whether you are right, or, in fact, he valued Marian, more [illegible] driving Miss Vil[illegible] being George's sister, than on account [illegible] her own intrinsic merits. George Lind[illegible] that matter," rep[illegible] was engaged to Alice Darton, and only [illegible] I will marry no[illegible] until his ordination should have roused again. [illegible] piece to be married to her.

Mrs. Somerton [illegible] George Lindsay came home that Captain Bassett [illegible], Marian observed that he carried not intervened. [illegible], and said eagerly, "What have

"But allowing for[illegible] re, George?"

you should [illegible] permit a secret," was the reply.

legacy, it is, I ask, [illegible] I shall find out, as I do all your [illegible] also rob her parents," said Marian. "But I have a mes[illegible] pounds? Unless she go from Alice. She desired me [illegible] weeks not only does she her to you, and to tell you [illegible] but her father is also dep[illegible] just finished your cigar case." [illegible] have named."

"I!" exclaimed George. "But [illegible] not stay?"

Captain Bassett was cease[illegible] action.

"Because I had such a dreadful headache that I was obliged to lie down," replied Marian; "I am sure I do not know what I should have done had uncle and Randal dined at home! It was very fortunate that they did not."

"I think that Alice might have stayed," said George, half reproachfully; "she need not have disturbed you."

"Oh, dear!" said Marian, "if you wish to see her so very particularly, you can go and fetch her to tea. Tell her that my headache is quite gone."

"That's a good Marian!" said George. "So I will! And to reward you, I will show you what is in the parcel."

He cut the string which secured the parcel, and opening a box displayed to Marian the portrait of Randal. Marian was almost on the point of betraying herself at the unexpected sight. It cost her a desperate effort to maintain her composure, but not a word could she utter.

"Is it not like him?" said George. "It is for Miss Belmore; (Marian felt quite faint,) and here is mine!"

Marian looked at her brother's portrait, which flattered him extremely, and said, "I need not ask who this is for. It is for Alice."

"Yes," replied George; "but you shall have one if you would like it."

"No, thank you, George—not now, at least. Alice will be the better pleased if she is the only possessor of your likeness."

"Take care of them both," said George; "and when you have done looking at them, put them in the box again. I am off to fetch Alice."

George left the room, and was soon on the road to Mrs. Darton's house. When he arrived there he found, to his vexation, that Alice had gone with her mother to visit a friend, who lived six miles off, so he returned home in a very bad humor, and never alluded to the portraits during the rest of the evening. Between eleven and twelve Mr. Harcourt and his son returned home, and shortly after, the house was perfectly quiet. Marian, however, could not sleep. What would she not give to obtain possession of Randal's portrait!

"It is impossible," she said to herself, "that Miss Belmore can love him as I do! She has never seen him, and has no idea of his kindness of heart and fascination of manner; she will merely see him as a handsome man when she looks on his portrait; and yet she will be his wife—oh, that I could prevent it!" she cried, giving way to a violent burst of sorrow, when suddenly a thought flashed across her brain. She rose noiselessly, lighted her chamber candle, and, with the stealthy tread of a cat, descended the stairs leading from her bed room to the sitting-room.

The door and window fastenings of Mr. Harcourt's house were of a strength to defy the efforts of burglars, so that the key of the sitting-room door was just turned in the lock at night. Marian softly unlocked the door and crept into the room, then going to the box which contained the portraits, she took possession of George's, and then stole back without noise to her own room.

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Alice made her appearance. She had heard that George had been to her house, and determined on returning his visit. After the first salutations were over, Alice placed something in his hand, saying, "Here is your cigar case, George."

"And I have something for you, Alice," said he, darting out of the room. Presently he called out from the drawing-room, "Marian! have you seen my portrait?" "Not since last night," replied Marian, in a firm voice.

"I cannot find it anywhere," he shouted; "come and help me to look for it, will you?"

There was a general rush, and a general search, but all to no purpose. At last Marian said, "I think I saw you put it in your pocket, George, before you went out last evening."

"Did I?" said he, in some bewilderment.

"I think you did," said Marian.

Off went George to search the pockets of his other coat, but in vain; and at last he was forced to admit that he must have lost it out of his pocket.

"Nobody would have stolen my picture," said he; "had it been Randal's the case would have been different.

"Are you sure it is not in your room?" asked Alice.

"Quite, I have looked everywhere," replied George; "I must have lost it yesterday, either in going to your house, or in coming back. What an annoyance! Well! I must have another taken for you, Alice."

Meanwhile, Mr. Harcourt repaired to his study to write a letter to Mrs. Belmore, intending to send it with the portrait of Randal. Marian followed him shortly after, as it was her custom to have a quarter of an-hour's chat with him respecting domestic affairs. On this particular morning she contrived to be later than usual, so that he was very busy writing when she entered the study.

"Come again in a quarter-of-an hour, Marian," he said, looking up from his writing.

"If you please, uncle, I wish to write a letter to Miss Wilson," said Marian; "I shall not disturb you, shall I?"

"Oh, no, my dear," replied Mr. Harcourt. "We shall not interfere with each other."

Marian seated herself at a little table, and wrote her letter, keeping her eye on Mr. Harcourt's movements all the while. He finished her letter, placed it in an envelope, but did not seal it, and then took Randal's miniature to deposit it safely in a small box lined with tin, which was on the table before him, but first he wrapped the precious portrait up in some paper which was too stiff to fold nicely.

"Had you not better take some tissue-paper, uncle?" said Marian; "I have plenty here. Perhaps I can fold it up for you."

"Do, my dear," said Mr. Harcourt.

Marian folded the portrait up very carefully, while Mr. Harcourt prepared to seal the letter. But he could not find his seal for some time, though he looked every where on the table, and at last under it. Marion, however, found it under her chair, and gave it to him. He sealed his letter, placed it and the portrait in the box, and fastened all up securely. She then gave him her letter to put in the bag, and hurried away. When she reached her own room, she took a parcel from her pocket, and unlocking a drawer in a flurried manner, threw it in, and locked the drawer again with a trembling hand

Time sped. George had another portrait taken for Alice, and shortly after, married her.

The next West Indian mail brought a letter from Mrs. Belmore, acknowledge the receipt of the portrait, but mentioning that the extreme youth of her daughter had determined her to postpone her departure for England for another year or two. "She considered sixteen a very early age for a young girl to marry," she said, but her letter was altogether written in a different manner from any she had written before:—there was a constraint in it that had never pervaded her other letters. Mr. Harcourt read it to his son, and expressed his firm conviction that "something had gone wrong."

Randal, who was very impulsive, said to his father, "Let me go myself to Demerara, father, to fetch Oriana, if she still is destined to become my wife. I will see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears. If, as I imagine, Mrs. Belmore has other views for her daughter, and Oriana enters into those views, I will give up all pretensions to her, but if it be merely a whim of Mrs. Belmore's to delay our marriage, I will win Oriana's love, if possible, in my own person, and bring her to England as my wife, in six months at farthest. Do you approve of my project?"

"Most certainly," said his father; "and I am glad to see you display so much spirit. I would have done just the same at your age."

"Perhaps my portrait did not please her," said Randal; "she might not have liked the expression of my countenance. I think I looked rather priggish."

"Nonsense," said his father. "Priggish, indeed! But I tell you what, if you go as Randal Harcourt, Mrs. Belmore will be on her guard, so you had better go as Mr. Hunter, my agent, and endeavor to disguise yourself as much as possible. You will then see how the land lies, my boy, and if you see anything you do not like, you can come back again incog. as you went."

"A capital idea!" exclaimed Randal. "I will begin my preparations to-morrow."

Forthwith Randal set about getting everything ready for his departure. But who can describe Marian's agony on hearing that he intended to go to Demerara? All would be discovered, of course, and it only remained for her to exert all her energies towards captivating some wealthy man, that she might secure a provision for the future. She well knew that Mr. Harcourt's house would be no home for her, if once her treachery were discovered.

Randal lost no time, and reached Demerara in safety. He found his way to Grange Grove, Mrs. Belmore's plantation, and, being furnished with letters of recommendation from his father, was very graciously received. He found Mrs. Belmore a most amiable woman, and Oriana appeared to him loveliness personified. She was, besides, of the most artless disposition, and spoke her thoughts out fearlessly.

After Randal had visited at Mrs. Belmore's for some time, both that lady and her daughter appeared to like him very much, and treated him with a degree of friendliness highly flattering to him. Nor could he perceive that Oriana looked on any of the gentlemen who visited her mother with a peculiarly favorable eye—on the contrary, she seemed indifferent to all of them: and in a short time Randal began to regret that he had left England, as he felt how difficult it would be for him to yield her up to any other man, now that he had seen and conversed with her. One day, when Mrs. Belmore and he had been speaking of Mr. Harcourt, Mrs. Belmore said abruptly, "Do you know Mr. Randal Harcourt, Mr. Hunter?"

"Intimately," replied Randal, coloring violently.

"What kind of a young man is he?" asked the lady. "Is he amiable?"

"Well, really, madam," stammered out Randal in great confusion, "I can hardly say. He is good-tempered, I believe."

"He need be, indeed," said Mrs. Belmore, in a slightly contemptuous tone, "with such a face as he has."

"Such a face!" exclaimed Randal, almost thrown off his guard. "I assure you, Mrs. Belmore, he is considered rather good-looking."

"You must be joking, Mr. Hunter," said Mrs. Belmore. "Of course, painters will flatter; but, in spite of the painter's art, I never saw a plainer face in my life than Randal Harcourt's."

"Indeed!" thought Randal, extremely mortified; but he asked in a quiet tone, "What do you dislike principally in his face, Mrs. Belmore?"

"His flat nose," was the reply. "Oriana says she never saw such a large mouth, and she is sure he has red hair by his style of face."

"Oh, Mrs Belmore!" exclaimed Randal, in great agitation, "you must be laboring under some mistake. In the first place, he has not a large mouth; and, in the second, most certainly he has not a flat nose," he added, passing his forefinger *down his own straight, well formed nose,* as he spoke.

"You and I cannot be talking of the same person, then," said Mrs. Belmore, decidedly. "I mean Randal Harcourt, only son of Mr. Godfrey Horcourt, of Stoke Park, Surrey."

"I mean precisely the same gentleman," said Randal; "nay, something more I will tell you about him. He was taught to consider himself as the affianced husband of Miss Belmore, until a letter written by you in a strangely constrained and formal style caused him to fear that you entertained others views for your daughter."

"I will be candid with you, Mr. Hunter," said Belmore; "you have seen Oriana. Now, answer me truly. Do you not consider that it would be sacrificing herself to marry so very plain a man as Randal Harcourt?"

"I assure you, Mrs. Belmore," said Randal, his face flushing to the temples, "that you are the only lady who ever considered him plain."

"It is very strange!" said Mrs. Belmore. "But I will appeal to your organs of vision; and, unless you are blinded by friendship for the young man, you will own that he is very ugly." So saying, she called a negro boy, and desired him to tell Miss Oriana to bring her the portrait they received from England. "You will make allowances, Mr. Hunter," she continued, "for a fond mother's anxiety, which impelled me to ask you whether Mr. Randal was amiable. I have no dislike to him, but I really do object to his ugliness. It may be very wrong, but I cannot help it."

Poor Randal felt excessively annoyed. He had thought the portrait rather "priggish" if is true, but it had not a flat nose—that he was certain of. So he remained silent, and Mrs. Belmore began to think that he was offended with her for having spoken her sentiments so freely. Presently Oriana came in, portrait in hand. She gave it to her mamma, who, opening it, handed it to Randal, saying, "There, Mr. Hunter, judge for yourself."

Randal gave one look at the picture, and an exclamation of horror and dismay burst from his lips. At last he said, "This is my cousin's George's portrait, not mine."

"Yours, Mr. Hunter!" exclaimed Mrs. Belmore, fancying he had lost his senses; "that is Randal Harcourt's picture, I tell you."

"Some fiendish juggiery has been prac-

tioned in all this?" he exclaimed, throwing off his disguise. "Now see if there is any resemblance between that picture and Randal Harcourt, who stands before you!"

Mrs. Belmore and Oriana looked at each other in the greatest astonishment. At last Mrs. Belmore advanced towards Randal, and, holding out her hand, said, "If you are indeed Randal Harcourt; I can only say that you have given me the most agreeable surprise I ever had in my life. And I fancy that Oriana is also agreeably disappointed."

"I am quite delighted, mamma," said Oriana, her eyes dancing with pleasure. "Instead of looking on Mr. Harcourt as a kind of Old Bogey, I shall always be glad to see him."

"A kind of Old Bogey, Miss Belmore!" exclaimed Randal. "Upon my word it is too flattering."

"Can you wonder at it?" asked Oriana, pointing to the picture, and laughing merrily. "Oh, how glad I am."

"My dear child!" said Mrs. Belmore, "your spirits are really carrying you too far. But Mr. Harcourt (if it be indeed Mr. Harcourt) will excuse you, I hope."

"I must confess, that Miss Belmore's prejudice was very natural," said Randal, "though George Lindsay, the original of this portrait, is a most excellent young man. How his likeness can have found its way here, I cannot imagine. I know that my cousin thought he had lost it; and how it came here instead of mine, I cannot conjecture. But as to my identity, Mrs. Belmore, I came provided with a letter from my father, explaining everything concerning my disguise. Here it is; and while you read it, I shall just ask Miss Belmore one little question, and on her answer will depend my staying in Demerara some time longer, or my instant departure for England."

So saying, Randal placed a letter in Mrs. Belmore's hands, and then asked Oriana to walk with him under the verandah. She consented, and when they were at a little distance from the window to which Mrs. Belmore had retired for the purpose of reading her letter, Randal said, "May I ask, Miss Belmore, if you entertain the same opinions respecting Randal Harcourt that you did towards his supposed likeness?"

"How can you imagine such a thing?" asked Oriana, with vivacity. "No two faces can be more dissimilar than yours and that horrid picture! I assure you I positively hated even the thoughts of you—of the original of that picture, I mean."

"Oriana!" exclaimed Randal, in low deep tones, "say that you do not hate me, and I will be content. If you but knew the misery endured when I fancied that you were lost to me (for your image has been enshrined in my heart since my childhood) you would have compassion on me and give me a ray of hope."

He took her hand, and she did not withdraw it; but a rosy blush suffused her cheeks, as she said in timid tones, "I will confess to you, Mr. Harcourt, that I am not at all frightened at you now."

"May I then hope to call you mine—mine only, Oriana, at no distant period?" asked Randal, not quite satisfied with her native admission.

"I shall have no hesitation in obeying mamma's wishes now," she replied; "but had you really been the original of that portrait, I would have died rather than—" Here she hesitated, and then said hurriedly, "go to England as mamma had arranged I should. Had we received your real portrait, I should probably be on my way thither now. How thankful I am that it has been otherwise!"

"Do you mean, Oriana, that you are glad you have seen me in my own proper person?" asked Randal.

"Certainly," she replied, "because I all now go to England with some prospect of happiness; whereas——"

Here she caught his eyes fixed on her with so much love beaming from them, that she became aware of the thoughtless admission she had made, and turned away her head in great confusion; Randal imprinted a kiss on the hand he still held, and just then Mrs. Belmore stepped out into the verandah.

"Ah," said she, archly, "I see all will end satisfactorily. Now, Randal, I shall treat you very unceremoniously. I mean to write to your father by the next mail, and I advise you to do the same. You and Oriana understand each other, I suppose?"

Oriana hurried away, but Randal said, "My dear Mrs. Belmore, Oriana has confessed that she does not regard me with the same feelings with which she did my supposed portrait."

"Then," said Mrs. Belmore, "we will settle matters thus. In a month from this time you will marry Oriana, and leave for England immediately. I am rather anxious that there should be no unnecessary delay in the business; for, to tell you the truth, Randal, on my daughter's marriage depends my own. I would never have given her a stepfather while she remained with me; but if the dear child is happily married, the case is different. You may well look astonished. Oriana knows nothing about it herself yet. But I have for some time been engaged to a gentleman, who would have been my first husband had circumstances permitted it."

Randal expressed his delight at the proposed arrangements, and hastened to write to his father, informing him of all that had taken place.

Mr. Harcourt was quite bewildered on the receipt of Randal's letter. How was it possible that George's portrait could have got to Demerara? His first impulse was to rush off to George's house, where Marian was staying. Mr. Harcourt told them the whole story, concluding it by saying earnestly, "But it is all right now. By this time they are married."

Alice has observed Marian's features working convulsively, and at last saw her quit the room precipitately.

"I think Marian is ill," she said. "I will follow her."

Alice reached Marian's room in time to see the unhappy girl tearing her hair in a paroxysm of rage. She no sooner caught sight of Alice, than she said, angrily, "Why do you play the spy on me, Alice?"

"My dear Marian," said the unsuspecting Alice, "I saw you turn pale, and hurry from the room, so I concluded you were taken ill. Surely something must have disturbed you greatly to make you lay hands on yourself in this manner!" she added, taking up a handful of the hair which Marian, in her despair, had torn out by the roots. "Look at your beautiful hair!"

"Go!—go, Alice!" exclaimed Marian, impetuously. "I cannot explain my conduct;" but as Alice hesitated to obey her command, she shrieked out again, "Go, I tell you!"

The gentle Alice, quite terrified at Marian's vehemence, left the room, and gave her husband an account of Marian's strange behavior. George had for some time suspected, from Marian's loss of spirits since Randal's departure, that the latter was the object of his sister's affections, and his suspicions were now confirmed by her extraordinary behavior, and he persuaded Mr. Harcourt to allow her to remain at the parsonage. Mr. Harcourt assented, but the violence of the misguided girl's emotions caused her to rupture a blood-vessel, and in a week she was no more.

Great was Randal's grief on his return to England with his wife, to find that his cousin Marian had been conveyed to the silent grave. Mr. Harcourt had been quite melancholy about it, but the sight of Oriana's liveliness weakened his regrets considerably.

Alice discovered the truth about three months after Marian's death. In looking over a drawer containing different trinkets, etc., belonging to her late sister-in-law, she discovered Randal's portrait. Alice charitably maintained silence on the subject to everybody except her husband, who committed the unlucky portrait to the flames, that his sister's weakness might remain for ever concealed.

The Great Run.

BY H. T. S.

"SMUGGLERS, my dear young ladies," said my uncle Treleaven, addressing a bevy of fair young girls, who had clustered in all manner of graceful attitudes around our parlor fire during the twilight of an Autumn evening, "smugglers are not the interesting persons you take them to be. Cruel and bloodthirsty whenever they obtained the upper hand; treacherous and cowardly when fairly matched. I never knew in all my dealings with them but one instance in which there was a spice of romance."

"Oh, pray tell it," chorussed the girls; "it must be so nice, if you consider it romance."

"Hem," said my uncle, "I rather think I have let myself in for a long story; but I suppose I shall not be allowed to rest without I comply. So listen," and then he began—

In the year 18—, soon after the close of the war, I was appointed to the charge of a Preventive station on the coast of Cornwall. The appointment was doubly welcome to me, inasmuch as the station was not ten miles from my birthplace, very near to dear relatives and kind friends; and secondly, from the fact of the inspecting commander, Richard Foxleigh, being an old messmate,—we both having served in the Bruiser, seventy-four.

Dick was a smart, active officer, sharp as a needle, and consequently no favorite with the good folks at Pen Lu, most of whom were "fishermen," when they had not the chance of smuggling.

Now Dick, though a capital fellow, possessed a large share of self-respect—ill-natured people called it conceit—and this led him to overrate his own penetration, and mistake the quiet gravity of the Cornish people for stupidity; but yet, in spite of all his cleverness, successful runs were frequently made in our district; in consequence, we received some very sharp letters from headquarters, enjoining greater vigilance for the future.

"Frank," said Foxleigh to me during one of my calls, "I am determined to put a stop to the goings on of these smuggling rascals; I am trying a new plan, my boy, fighting fire with flame. After some trouble, and by a little management, I have discovered an individual who for some reasons of his own, and for some adduced by myself, has consented to inform me when, and where, the next 'run' is to be attempted; I shall drop on them, and mean to capture the whole of the parties there present."

I must confess I was surprised, for knowing the clannish "One and all" spirit of the Cornish people, I could hardly credit that one had turned informer. "Take care," said I, "Master Foxleigh—take care you are not led into a snare."

"No fear of that," replied he; "and so you will say when I tell you that Will Polwele is the party in question."

"What, Ruth Trevail's sweetheart!" said I, in amazement.

"The same," he replied, and my surprise was increased tenfold.

Ruth Trevail was the belle of the ancient borough of Pen Lu. Her mother had been own maid to old Lady Caerlyn, who had never forgiven her for being so foolish as to give up the comfort and dependency of Caerlyn House, for the love of young Tom Trevail—one of the best looking, best tempered, and most industrious fishermen that sailed out of Pen Lu.

Poor creatures, they were happy enough for twelve months, and then the young mother learnt that "storms were sudden and waters deep," for Trevail's boat went out with the evening tide, and never returned; neither husband nor boat was ever again seen by the weary watcher.

A widow herself, Lady Caerlyn's heart relented when she heard of Mrs. Trevail's sorrow, and she proved a true friend to her former maid; the young ladies also made up a purse, and bought and furnished a house, so that Mrs. Trevail was enabled to maintain herself by letting apartments to tourists, and people from the inland towns, who came to the sea side for Summer recreation.

Little Ruth, too, was a pet at the great house; and, thanks to the old lady's bounty, received a far better education than falls to the lot of most country girls.

At the time of which I am speaking, Ruth was a dark-haired, black-eyed girl of nearly twenty years of age, engaged to Will Polwele, and the marriage was to take place when they had saved enough money between them to discharge debts that had accrued during the last illness of her mother.

Now Ruth was endowed with a very high spirit, and I felt certain that she would cast off Polwele, though the effort broke her heart, if he became what the Pen Lu folks considered a traitor. Knowing this, his conduct therefore was a mystery to me.

Time passed on. Foxleigh retained his confidence, and I, of course, kept my own counsel.

One morning I received a letter from Foxleigh, informing me that he had made a seizure the previous night, and requesting my attendance.

"Now, Frank," said he, when I saw him, "what do you think of the 'snare?' twenty tubs, my good sir, and through the party I mentioned. It's true the salt water has damaged most of them," he continued, apologetically; "but there are the tubs, and I'll have a bigger haul yet."

Of course I was gratified at his success, yet I could not help wishing that somebody else had turned sneak,—I mean, had given information; for, as I feared, the cause of Foxleigh's success soon leaked out, and, in consequence, Polwele was cut by all his associates.

Ruth called upon me, in great distress at her sweetheart's conduct.

"I know," she said, "William never took part in any smuggling transactions. But to think he should betray confidence! Mr. Pengelly has dismissed him, and threatens that if I ever speak to him again he will sue me for the money I borrowed when mother died. What shall I do? And I have just let my rooms to such nice people,—a French lady and gentleman. We might have been so happy!" said the poor girl, the tears running down her cheeks.

My attempt at consolation was not very successful; and though I promised to intercede with her employer, I knew my interference would only make matters worse, for Pengelly was the magnate of Pen Lu, and a character in his way. He was the owner of half the fishing boats in the port, beside carrying on a lucrative business as a blacksmith and veterinary surgeon, or, as he called himself, a "far-year," and cattle doctor. "I tell 'e," the old man would say, "I'm no 'vetter-ninny,' or any other ninny that I know of,—I am a faryear, I tell 'e."

In early life a kick from a vicious horse had shattered his knee. Refusing surgical aid, he doctored himself, and, strange to say, managed to preserve his leg, though it was of little use to him until he invented an iron support that enabled him to stand, or walk readily. Like the rest of the good folks, if he were not actually engaged in the 'free trade,' he had a strong sympathy with it, and therefore I found my intercession on behalf of Polwele of little use.

"I tell 'e, sir," he said, "a man who would sink his friends would sink his master if he could; no, I shan't trust him."

Three weeks passed, and the state of affairs was unchanged: I saw poor Ruth frequently, and her altered looks told how deeply she felt her lover's disgrace; doubtless there were stolen interviews, but he was never seen near her door.

I made the acquaintance of Monsieur and Madame le Maitre, the tenants of Ruth's apartments. I found them educated, companionable people; madame sketched very prettily, and monsieur was an enthusiastic entomologist, and in my rounds I frequently noticed his lamp brightly burning, and on my mentioning the fact, he informed me that microscopic investigations often occupied him half the night.

Just at this time too an extra fit of vigilance seemed to have taken possession of Foxleigh; for five consecutive nights he had kept our boats afloat, the men were nearly worn out, but he would neither listen to remonstrance, nor assign a reason for his conduct. The sixth and seventh nights he accompanied the boats, having given me directions to act at Pen Lu during his absence; on the evening of the eighth night I was again sent for, and directed to remain whilst Foxleigh went out with the boats.

"I can spare you but one man for a look-out," said Foxleigh, as he took his seat in the galley, "for I expect to make a great seizure to-night."

I went my "rounds" (noticing to my surprise Polwele and Pengelly in close conversation under the cliff) and returned to the station prepared for a lonely watch; but shortly after eight o'clock Ruth called with an invitation from Madame le Maitre to play a game of piquet with her if my duties would permit it. I gladly accepted the offer, for I had forgotten my book, and the time passed very slowly.

To enable you to understand what follows I must state the position of the Coastguard station. It was the last house in the borough, built in a nook of the rocky cliffs facing the sea; Ruth's was the next house landward, the back door opening into a narrow lane that led to the high Plymouth road, and saved a considerable detour through the town.

I found my trusty old "look-out" at his post, and telling him where to seek me in case of need, proceeded on my visit. Apparently Monsieur le Maitre was very busy with his microscope, for I saw as I approached that a brilliant light was visible in each of the two upper windows; on entering, madame informed me she was so triste; monsieur was so occupied with his horrid insects; how good I was to take pity on her! After the usual number of compliments we sat down to our game: two hours passed very agreeably, and then monsieur made his appearance with a hundred apologies for being so late.

"I have been out to cool my hot head, Mr. Treleaven," said he; "but it is so cold and dark, that I rejoice to get in again. I hear your good sentinel walk up and down; may I give him a glass of rum?"

"I have no doubt he would appreciate it, monsieur," I replied; "but do not be too bountiful."

Jack was called to the door and received his glass of rum; he reported, "a dark dirty night and all well," and went on his round.

A tasty little supper, followed by a glass of punch, caused another hour to pass swiftly, and I was about taking leave of my hosts, when the other door was violently thrown open, and instantly the room was filled with wild looking fellows, armed to the teeth. Little notice was taken of the women, but monsieur and myself were violently thrust back into our chairs, and there held.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" I exclaimed. "I demand to be set free. Are you aware that I am officer of the Coastguard?"

"Pray do not alarm yourself?" replied one, who appeared to be in command; "all we require is your silence. No harm shall be done if you remain quiet; if not, we have a ready way of enforcing our request. Here Jacques, Jean, if these gentlemen open their mouths, stop them with a bullet."

Two red-capped, truculent-looking rascals nodded assent, as they brought the muzzles of their pistols to a level with our faces.

I saw that further remonstrances was useless. Monsieur lighted a cigar, and resigned himself to his fate; and madame quietly went on with her netting. Ruth alone confronted the intruders.

"Young lady," said the leader, lifting his cap as he addressed her, "we must make a roadway of your house for a little while; but you shall be recompensed for the inconvenience. Francois," he continued, "tell our friends to walk in."

Soon I heard the tramp of many feet, and saw through the open door that women, or men dressed in women's clothes, were hurriedly passing into and through the house, each bearing a package; their faces were hidden by large mob caps, but one hobbled suspiciously like Pengelly.

"Cobwebs gone, captain!" cried a voice from outside.

"Very good," our captor replied in a bantering tone of voice, as he threw some gold pieces into a bowl he had taken from the sideboard. "You see, young lady, I am cleaning your house, and paying for the whim."

Still the throng of women passed and repassed; but there was a momentary pause as a voice cried "Weeds up!"

"Getting the garden in order, I hear," remarked the leader, as he told down more gold. "Well, you should be grateful to our friends."

The hurried passing continued, but each woman now bore two ankers, or small casks, on her shoulders. At last, after a time that seemed to me interminable, the tramping ceased, and "Moonshines now, captain," was the cry from outside.

"Very well; then our task is ended," returned the man they called captain. "In that bowl, young lady, is a recompense for the trouble we have given; but, gentlemen," said he, turning to us as he left the room, "you are required to remain as you are for an hour at least. I shall place a guard at the door who will without fail put a bullet into the first who disobeys my order. Good night, ladies and gentlemen; bon repos! Allons, mes amis, aux bateaux!" and in a second the room was free from intruders.

"Cobwebs," "weed," "moonshines," that meant lace, tobacco, and spirits; and there I sat powerless. Enraged, I sprang, from the chair, but the barrel of a musket gleamed in the doorway, and forcibly emphasized the gruff "Restez la!" of the bearer. Being unarmed, I was compelled to submit to my humiliating position.

I sat and bit my thumbs for, I suppose, half-an-hour, and then Madame le Maitre spoke.

"I do not think, mon ami," said she, "that man outside understands English. I will move just so little, and see if he will observe me."

Madame rose from her seat without notice from our watcher; taking courage, she walked across the room; still no sign, and then we all took heart of grace, and rushed to the door—the passage was empty.

Away I ran to the look-out post, stumbling in my hurry over the prostrate body of poor old Jack. He breathed, but blood was flowing from a wound on his fore head. Monsieur le Maitre had followed me, and between us we carried him into the station.

"He has been struck down from behind," said monsieur, as I bent over the poor fellow to examine the wound.

I saw the cut was trivial, evidently caused by a fall, certainly not severe enough to cause insensibility, but his breath had a strange sickly smell. What was it?—opium, laudanum? Suddenly a thought flashed through my mind, and I divined the whole scheme. The Frenchman's lamps were preconcerted signals. Jack's rum was drugged, and my invitation baited a trap that kept me quiet.

"Monsieur le Maitre," said I, "it is my opinion you are concerned in this night's work."

"What do you mean?" he replied. "Prove it. I have been in your company always. You insult me, sir. I leave you."

Thanks to Foxleigh's cleverness, there was not a man left on shore; so I could not leave my post, and I hardly knew what course to adopt. Buckling on a cutlass I returned to the look-out, and rocket after rocket did I send up, in the hope of recalling the boats, but without any result; the rockets, however, brought up a crowd of fishermen from the town, who of course were anxious to know the meaning of my conduct.

"What are ye firing for, maister?" they inquired. "Vessel ashore?"

"No," I replied; "I wish to recall the boats."

"What for, Maister?"

"That's my business," said I, as I sent up another rocket.

"What's that for, John?" said a new arrival to a sly old fishermen, who, I was sure, knew all that had taken place.

"Maister wants the boats back," was the old man's answer; "frightened at being alone, I reckon."

The boats returned at daybreak, the men worn out by a wild-goose chase after a lugger that had dodged them all night.

How Foxleigh stormed when he heard of the snare into which he had fallen, for, unaided by false information, he had actually left a place open for the boldest, most successful, and largest run of smuggled goods ever known in the county.

For days afterward complaints came in of farmers's horses having been taken from their stables during that night, and found next morning, exhausted by fatigue and rough usage, miles distant; but not a keg or package was ever captured.

Monsieur and Madame le Maitre were off in a post-chaise the next day. Madame would not stay in a place where such scenes took place; and as there was not any direct evidence of complicity with the smugglers, we could not detain them.

Ruth Trevail asked me in confidence what she should do with the money left in her bowl. I advised her to keep her own counsel about that part of the business, and suggested that it would not be badly applied if she were to pay her debt, and get married.

She took my advice in both instances. Polwele was reinstated in Pengelly's employ—if ever he had been dismissed by that crafty old rascal—and again became a general favorite. Poor Foxleigh was removed to an inferior station; and that's the history of the "Great Run of Pen Lu."

THE THREE WISHES.

There was once a wise emperor who made a law that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice, if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side.

If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death; but, by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish one day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when one day a count and his young son presented themselves at court.

The fish was served as usual; and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom.

Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father, a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his gaolers—"I have one wish to make three days hence I pray to go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter, and a priest to marry us."

The first demand was not much to the emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection.

This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures.

If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and he soon made a host of friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning, and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to the prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered the prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which, when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my fat or turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor; "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see anything—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized then," said the emperor.

The steward protested with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been one of the valets; but they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count.

In short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offence, upon which the princess said, "I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offence committed, the count cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said the emperor; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offence than his. But although he has not been hung, he is married. Justice has been done."

A Russian Story.—Mr. Barry, in his work on Russia in 1870, tells a story of the time when slavery was an institution in the country:—A certain ironmaster caused a man who had offended him to be locked up in an iron cage, and kept him confined in it for a length of time. At last, while he was absent on a journey, the case of his wretched prisoner came to the knowledge of the governor of the province. The governor caused the man, cage and all, to be brought to the government town, and invited the tyrannical ironmaster to dinner. After the dinner was over, the governor sent for a quail in a wooden cage and offered to sell it to his guest for ten thousand roubles. The offer being treated as a joke, the governor said he had a more valuable bird to sell, and told his servants to bring it in. Folding doors flew open, and the iron cage with its miserable captive was set down before the astonished guest. "Now," said the governor, "what do you think of that for a quail? But this is a very expensive bird; I want 20,000 roubles for him."—"All right," said the alarmed proprietor, "I will buy this one, and send him down to my works without the cage, and your messenger shall bring back the amount." The matter was thus pleasantly settled, and the company adjourned in undisturbed harmony to their paprikoses and coffee.

Old Dr Whiskers: "I have had my life insured for $50,000 in your favor. Is there anything else I can do for you?" Mrs. De Whiskers (his wife): "Nothing on earth, dear."

There are people who [illegible] Soap to-day with [illegible] 1876. Would it be [illegible] the purest and best [illegible] Ask your grocer for it. Insist on [illegible] tations. Dobbins'.

At Home and Abroad.

Not all the bicycle ordinances now being passed so plentifully all over the country are designed to regulate the cyclists and their doings. One recently passed in Chicopee, Mass., imposes a fine of from $2 to $20 on any person throwing in any street, lane or alley, ashes, glass, crockery, scrap iron, tacks, nails or any other articles liable to cause injury to the tires of bicycles.

Professors Burrill and Davenport, of the University of Chicago, who have been visiting the Garden of the Gods, say that if a person places himself near the centre of the east side of the rock north of the entrance, and another stands on the hill opposite, across the valley, a distance of about a third of a mile, common conversation can be distinctly heard between the two. They lowered their voices as much as possible and were able to hear each other distinctly.

A Buffalo paper says there are two men in that city who make a good living by acting as relief men for small druggists who like a half day off occasionally, and whose business is not so extensive as to justify the employment of a clerk regularly. The law requires that a drug store shall always be in charge of a licensed pharmacist. These men have a regular round of druggists whom they serve. They are rarely employed at one place for more than half a day at a time, but they are kept constantly busy, and manage to make better wages than if they were hired by the week.

Captain Dalmor Oakes, of Fleigley's Cove, N. L., has a trained goat of which he is justly proud. It is a large and very black male animal, and goes to the station to meet the 9.13 train every night. A small storage battery is placed in a satchel on its back, and furnishes the current to light two little electric lamps, one being worn on each horn. The left or port lamp is red and the right green, and it is a source of much amusement to the old tars and watermen about the Cove to watch the goat pilot its owner home along the pitch dark road through Mason's woods.

When Zerah Colburn, the Vermont mathematical prodigy, visited Harvard College he told in four seconds the exact number of seconds in eleven years, and answered other similar questions with equal facility. He could no more tell how he did it than a child in singing can tell the laws of melody, but it is certain that it was done under natural law and not in opposition to it. It is hardly doubtful that all such laws are extremely simple, and that they will be discovered as soon as investigators cut loose from accepted theories and apply modern scientific methods of persistent experiment and comparison to mental matters. It ought to be taken for granted, when such unexplained phenomena are witnessed, that "the last word" has not been said in mathematics or anything else.

The Empress of Germany is a model housewife, being seldom at home in the afternoons in the nursery, where she appeareth every detail of her children's lives. She rises at six, dines at one, and supper eight o'clock. The Empress has great authority upon domestic servants, being of the opinion that the so often strained relations between mistress and maid arise because the former neglects to look sufficiently after the comfort of the latter, and that their working day is too long, and their leisure too short. Her Majesty suggests that mistresses should "make their servants' leisure-time at home as pleasant as possible, and give them cheerful, airy rooms, which point should be of great importance to us as the cooks of our own families, and that there should be established homes, where in the evenings [illegible] servants could meet for social and instructive purposes."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

[illegible]

Our Young Folks.

DOT'S OGRE.

BY M. B

"HA!" said the ogre, "you are just the little pig I have been looking for to roast for my supper; so come along with me."

"Ah well!" said the pig, "if I must, I must; but have you a red apple to put in my mouth? No pig ought to be served up without one."

No, the ogre hadn't a red apple.

"That is a pity," said the little pig. "Now, if you'll let me run home and get one, I'll——"

"Oh!" cried Kitty, dropping the book, "there's a whole page gone; we shall never find out if the ogre did roast him or not."

"I don't believe he did," declared Jack. "That pig was too clever to be caught by the ogre."

But they wanted to be quite sure of that point; it was very hard not to know the fate of that wonderful pig.

They argued over it half the morning, indeed, Dot, who was the youngest but one, shed tears of disappointment about it.

"It's no use talking any more about it," said Jack at last. "Mr. Thompson's coming to-day, and it's not polite to talk about pigs before visitors. Nurse said so."

"There's a cab stopping at the door now," announced seriously; "perhaps that's Mr. Thompson oh, and he's got such a nice new hamper with him!"

"Hurrah! then he's bringing us some apples," suggested Tommy hopefully.

Six small noses were flattened against the window-panes to watch Mr. Thompson get out of his cab.

He was a big stout man, with bushy black hair and whiskers, that gave him rather a fierce aspect, but he was speaking quite pleasantly to the cabman, who lifted down the hamper and a bag, and drove off with a flourish of his whip to the little company up above.

There was nothing more to be seen from the window, so they all went to the landing and peeped through the balusters.

Alas! Mr. Thompson had already gone into the sitting room and the door was shut; not even the bag was visible.

"Now, children, go back into the nursery at once," nurse commanded. "People don't like to be stared at in that way as soon as they arrive. How often must I tell you that?"

Nurse gave them no further chance of misbehaving; the fairy tales were promptly put away on the top shelf, and spelling books and copy-books brought out instead.

"If I live to be a hundred," said Tommy dolefully, jilting a smeared face from a still more smeared copy, "I don't believe I'll ever be able to make a pot-hook; they never come out right, tiresome things!"

"Never mind the pot-hooks for a minute or two," laughed mother, opening the door suddenly.

"I wonder if any of you can guess what I am going to tell you? Mr. Thompson has brought us something for dinner to-night, and he wants you all to come down and see it."

"Hurrah! what is it?"

"No, I am not going to tell you anything about it till the time comes, but it is something you never saw before, I am quite sure. You must all behave very nicely, and not make too much noise at table."

They got through the afternoon somehow, it seemed twice the length of any ordinary afternoon.

Three o'clock, four, five, then tea in the nursery, with a good deal of noise at table, then a general washing, and brushing, and putting on of clean collars and lace pinafores, and finally a solemn procession down to the dining-room.

Father, with the largest silver dish-cover before him, sat at one end of the table, mother at the other, Mr. Thompson at the side.

The whole six shook hands with him, answered that they were "Quite well, thank you," in very meek small voices, and took their seats in a row opposite.

Father said grace, and Jane whisked off the cover; underneath it lay a fine plump little pig, with a bright red apple in his mouth.

"What do you think of that young gentleman?" asked Mr. Thompson. "He was trotting about the farm yesterday morning. It was no easy matter to catch him, I can tell you."

But there was not the shadow of a smile to be seen on the row of little faces before him.

Kitty and Jack looked shocked and puzzled; Tommy and Dick stared at Mr. Thompson and the pig alternately, with round frightened eyes; while Dot burst into loud sobs; she knew now what had become of that dear pig.

"Oh, he needn't have killed him—send him away! You never told us he was the ogre, mother."

"What does it all mean?" demanded father. "What are they talking about? Jack, Kitty, what is it?"

"It's the little pig we were reading about. He went home to get the red apple, and we hoped the ogre wouldn't catch him again," Kitty faltered out in a loud whisper.

"What ogre?"

"Mr.—Mr.—Thompson," sobbed Dot; "and we didn't know till just now."

"My dear, I think the sooner the children go upstairs again the better," said father severely.

"I am very sorry Mr. Thompson should have been annoyed by them. Leave the room at once, every one of you."

"I never saw them behave like that before," mother said, looking after them as they hurried out. "There must be some reason for it."

And when dinner was over, and the plump little pig had gone down to the kitchen, mother slipped up to the nursery, and heard the whole history of the wicked ogre, and Mr. Thompson's unfortunate resemblance to him.

"Oh, you foolish children!" she said.

"Don't you know that Mr. Thompson is a farmer, and has dozens of pigs in his farm? Your little pig got safely home again, and his master killed the ogre that night for breaking into his larder. I read the story when I was quite a little girl."

"Is father very angry?" asked Jack, after a minute or two.

"He is very sorry you should have been so rude to his friend, who is such a good kind man; but I will go and tell Mr. Thompson all about it. I don't think he will really mind when he understands the mistake."

And half an hour later Mr. Thompson himself came up and sat in nurse's rocking-chair, and told them about his own pigs, who never talked, or did anything but eat and grow fat, and were altogether very common-place pigs indeed.

"We are very sorry," said Kitty. "It was because you had black whiskers, like the ogre. We heard you speaking, but we didn't think your voice sounded a bit like a growl, did we, Jack?"

"Had your ogre always a box of chocolates in his coat pocket?" inquired Mr. Thompson.

"No," answered Dot, suddenly interested in the conversation. "He didn't wear a coat—nothing but a kind of ragged shirt."

"Ah then, he wasn't a bit like me," said Mr. Thompson, "for I shouldn't think of going out without a good big box—see, here it is."

And that box settled the point, and made a satisfactory wind-up to the story.

THE ENCHANTED WHISTLE.

BY S. U. W.

IT was Christmas eve, and in a miserable little cottage on the borders of a wood lived a poor family—father, mother, and two little children.

A traveller, after having crossed the forest, lost his way, and found himself at nightfall, cold and famished with hunger, before the door of this humble dwelling. He was so tired and weary that, for the moment, his only thought was of knocking to ask for food and shelter, of which he stood so much in need.

In response to his call the door was opened, and he entered one of the two rooms of which the cottage was possessed. Although but scantily furnished and showing every sign of extreme poverty, our traveller felt a glow of satisfaction at the warmth of the interior.

Over the wood fire that was blazing on the hearth, crackling and shooting its sparks up the chimney, was a pot, suspended by a chain from an iron staple in the wall, containing the frugal supper of this poor family. The man was a woodcutter, in the service of the great landowner of the district. His duties never or rarely took him beyond the woods and plantations of the estate, but he had occasionally been up at the Hall, the splendor and comfort of which contrasted strongly with the humble dwelling which sheltered him from the winter's winds and snows.

"I am sorry," said he to the traveller, "I can't offer you anything better than some boiled potatoes and brown bread. As for a bed, I've only one and a pallet for the children; but if you care to remain here, you are welcome to make yourself as comfortable as you can."

The traveller thanked his host, and soon began to stay his hunger with the potatoes that the woodman's wife had placed before him. It was not long after he had finished his meal that the warmth of the fire, and the weariness arising from his long and tiring walk, sent him into a sound sleep.

The next morning, before taking his leave, he called the children to him.

"This is Christmas Day," said he, "and I want to make you some little recompense for your parents' hospitality to me. I will not give you money, but I will give you this little silver whistle, which should be better than money to you. If you want anything, you have only to blow it and wish, and the fairies will immediately bring you what you want. Take it, but do not abuse its use, for, if you do, disaster will be sure to follow. And never, when occasions arise, refuse to help those who are in need."

After the traveller had gone, the woodcutter said to his wife, "I wonder whether that man was fooling us, or whether there is any truth in what he told. To day is Christmas Day, as he said; but, beyond the rabbit that I caught yesterday, which is going to serve us for dinner, there is nothing to show that the day is any different from other days of the year. Up at the Hall they will be feasting on all the good things it is possible to think of. I wish we, too, could have some roast beef, and plum pudding and wine!"

With this wish passing through his mind, he without thinking, blew the whistle, and, to his amazement, on the little deal table in the centre of the room was placed, at one end, a joint of roast beef, steaming as if just from before the fire, and at the other end, to the delight of the children, a huge Christmas pudding, crowned with a sprig of holly.

More than amazed with the power possessed by the whistle, the woodman never ceased the whole day to whistle and wish. He asked for wealth, and all the luxuries that wealth could buy, until, at last, he had not a wish that he could think of left ungratified. A magnificent dwelling, carriages, horses, and liveried servants—all were his; yet he still longed, with a greedy longing, for more.

* * * * * * *

Three years after, day for day, the same traveler, lost in the same forest, stopped at the spot where he remembered he had once before obtained food and shelter.

Instead, however, of the wretched cottage that had sheltered him on that occasion, he saw a sumptuous castle, surrounded with gardens that, despite the snow that lay deep and hid much of their beauty, showed that some famous gardener must have been employed in their construction. From within, where lights illuminated almost every window, came sounds of music—augury of the day that was to follow!

Wondering whether the same hospitality would be extended to him as before, the traveler approached the mansion and knocked, but being poorly clad, and having somewhat the appearance of a tramp, he was refused admission, and was driven off by the servants. Pained at the reception accorded to him, he determined to return the next evening and see the master of the place. The next day he learned from the neighbors around, that the owner of this magnificent dwelling was a man of extreme selfishness and extravagance. He knew no human miseries, he lessened no human suffering, he was deaf to all entreaties for help and succour, and never a piece of money had fallen from his purse in the cause of charity.

At the same hour as the day before, the traveler presented himself at the castle, and managed by a subterfuge to get an audience of its owner, whom he at once recognized as the woodcutter, to whose children, three years before, he had given the enchanted whistle.

The man, whose wife and children were around him, received him coldly.

"If you need help and lodging," said he abruptly, "you must apply to the proper authorities—you must go to the right place. This is not an almshouse, and I have nothing to give you." With these words he summoned a servant, but before his arrival, the traveler saw the little silver whistle in the hands of one of the children, and gently taking it from her, blew it, saying, "It is God's wish that such abuse of His riches should cease."

Immediately the scene was changed, and again on the borders of the forest stood, instead of the lordly castle, with all its splendor and magnificence, a rustic woodcutter's hut.

Before the crackling wood fire sat the woodman, just awoke from a sleep that he had indulged in after his hard day's toil. His children were playing around him, and his wife was preparing their frugal evening meal.

"Where am I?" said he to his wife, as he yawned, and rubbed his eyes with the backs of his hard, rough hands. "Where is the luxury that a moment ago surrounded us, the brilliancy and splendor of our castle? What is the meaning of it all! Speak!"

"John, my dear," said his wife, "what are you talking about? You must have been dreaming."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Germany produces more zinc than any other country.

London restaurants serve 950,000 dinners and lunches daily.

One-third of the earth is controlled by the Anglo Saxon race.

A good cure for a morning headache—Don't drink the night before.

France has more persons over sixty years of age than any other country. Ireland comes next.

Aluminum is likely to be employed largely in the near future for the manufacture of traveling trunks.

A watch is said to tick 157,680,000 times in a year, and the wheels to travel 3,-558 miles in that period.

It is said that two hundred French cities are going to erect statues in honor of the late President Carnot.

Dr. Garnier, chief medical officer of the Paris police, says insanity has increased 30 per cent. in Paris in 16 years.

China now has 11 daily newspapers, nine of which are printed in Chinese, one in French and the other in English.

A fishing schooner, with a freezing plant on board to freeze the fish as fast as caught, is now plying from Gloucester.

Wind has been utilized near London as the motive-power for the generation of electricity. The motor is on a structure 30 ft. high.

Eighteen cremation societies exist in the United Sates. During the past ten years there have been more than 3,000 cremations in this country.

Out of the 200,000 people in Santiago, only 250 speak English, but they manage to support an English newspaper known as the "Chilean Times."

The West Indian migratory crab is the only creature that is born in the sea, attains maturity in fresh water, and passes its adult life on land.

A favorite form of suicide among the Kondeh people, who live on Lake Nyassa, in Arrica, is to enter the water and consent to be devoured by a crocodile.

One gold mine in Georgia, on the Chestatee river, near Dahlonega, is said to be yielding ore worth $10 a ton, and in some instances as high as $40 a ton.

The great clock at Rouen has been grinding out time and striking the hours and quarters for over five hundred years, running all this time without interruption.

It is reported that a prize of 30,000 francs has been offered by a florist in Mayenne, France, to any one who can produce a plant on which blue roses will bloom.

Porous glass is a late novelty in the Paris market. The holes are so small that neither dust nor draught follows its use, and yet the ventilation is said to be excellent.

All Europe seems to be interested in the revival of the Olympic games near Athens next year. Recently a wealthy Greek of Alexandria has offered 500,000 drachmas (about $100,000) for the restoration of the ancient race-course.

Mr. J. W. Spencer, who has been examining the evidence that the West Indies were once part of a great continent, concludes that it existed and that these islands were once connected with what is now the mainland of North America.

It is said that sufficient money has been subscribed to warrant the building of an elevated bicycle track between Chicago and Milwaukee. The plan contemplates an elevation of sixteen feet and a toll of 10 cents for the entire length of the road.

A Berlin fire company holds the European record for speed in getting ready to race to a conflagration. In just twenty-two seconds after receiving the alarm the horses were harnessed to the engine, and the men were prepared for departure.

By comparing the statistics of English and Scotch universities in a given year it was found that Scotland, with a population of 3,725,000, had 6500 university students, while England had only 6000 students out of a population about six times as great.

If it were not for the evils of intemperance the metropolitan magistrates would have comparatively little work to occupy their time. No fewer than thirty thousand persons were apprehended last year for drunkenness in the streets of London.

The largest freight wagons in the world are now, it is asserted, made in San Leandro, Cal., for steam freighting in connection with traction engines, the capacity of these wagons being 16 tons each, and with sufficient wheel surface to sustain that amount without injury to the roads.

In a small town called St. Andreasberg in Saxony, some seven hundred families are entirely engaged in the task of rearing and educating canaries as singers. A great proportion of these birds are sent abroad, far or near—to London, Australia and the United States, where one single firm ships 100,000 birds each year. These canaries are the inferior birds, the schreier, as they are called in Germany, on account of their notes.

AFTER SUNSET.

BY K. T.

Pink clouds on palest green
Are drifted more and more,
Like rose leaves from a rose garden
On a clear emerald floor.

Oh! is it that through the gate
Flung open for an hour
I see the living rose garden,
Its trellis all in flower?

Or is it that there are folk,
Good, heavenly folk, that go
In green shoon and rosy cloak
And hair of a gold a-blow.

Oh! dancing feet of rose!
Oh, robe blown back a space!
Dear angel, ere the good time goes,
Show me your face!

SPICES AND OTHER THINGS.

Capers are the flowers of the caper bush, preserved in salt and vinegar.

Cloves are the dried blossoms of the clove tree.

Saffron is the dried stigma of the common yellow crocus which grows in our gardens.

Starch is extracted from potatoes, rice, arrowroot, corn, etc.

Sago is a dry, granulated starch imported from the East Indies.

Rice is the peeled and dried seed of the rice plant.

Coffee is the kernel taken from the berry of the coffee tree.

Cocoa is made from the fruit of the cocoa tree, fermented five days in heaps, or in earthen vessels.

Raisins are sun-dried grapes of a peculiarly luscious variety.

Figs are dried and skilfully prepared fruit that looks much like the pear.

Dates are dried and prepared fruit of the date palm.

Prunes are prepared fruit of small trees.

Nutmegs are the stone of fruit found in a fleshy hull. They are prepared by being hulled, dried and immersed in a solution of lime and salt water.

Mace is the blossom of the nutmeg tree, and is prepared by being immersed in salt water.

Cardamon is the ripe seed of several varieties of tropical plants.

Vanilla is made from beans that grow upon a vine that clings to trees and rocks.

Black pepper is made from the unripe dried berry of the pepper shrub.

White pepper is made from the ripe berry.

Carraway is the seed of a common wild plant.

Allspice is made from the fruit of the pimento tree. The seed is much like the pea.

The tamarind is the marrow in the pod-like fruit of the Indian tamarind tree. It is a dark brown mass, and is generally mixed with the seeds and fibres of the fruit.

Linseed is the seed of flax. They are smooth, shining, brown, oblong, and have a whitish, sweetish kernel.

Senna is the dried leaves of the cassia bush.

Cinnamon is the inner rind of the cinnamon tree. The bark of the young shoots is the best.

Cork is the outer rind of the cork-oak.

Ginger is the dried root-stalk of the ginger plant.

Indigo is the sap of the indigofera.

Litmus is produced from lichens which grow on the shores of the Mediterranean. The lichens are ground, moistened, and treated with potash, lime and ammonia, and converted into dough. It then fermented, and afterwards mixed with plaster of Paris, and dried and pressed.

Logwood is the marrow of a peculiar tree in the West Indies. It is shipped in long, thick pieces of firm, heavy, dark red wood. It is split up and moistened by water or acid for use.

Madder is the root of an herb-like growth. It is about the size of a lead pencil, and much longer. It is cleansed, dried, and ground. It is a dye stuff.

Gamboge is a yellow gum which flows freely from the gamboga tree of the East Indies.

Asphalt is a combustible, mineral pitch of a brownish color.

Amber is a fossil found in the sea and sometimes on the banks upon the shore.

Turpentine is a balsam which flows from some varieties of pine.

Camphor is contained in the wood and the root of the camphor tree of the East Indies.

Caoutchouc (India rubber) is obtained from the milky secretion of various trees and climbing plants of South America. The bark of the tree is thoroughly cleansed, after which they cut through the bark and let the milky sap run into clay troughs, or into hollow pumpkins. The sap is then dried. For practical use it is cooked for two or three hours. It is finally given chemical treatment—vulcanized.

Gutta-percha is the milky sap of the Isonandra gutta trees of the East Indies.

Flax is the fibrous material yielded from the stalk of the flax plant.

Gelatine is the carefully prepared jelly of the gelatinous tissues of certain animals, mostly from the softer parts of the hides of oxen and calves and the skin of sheep.

Hemp is yielded in the same manner as flax, but it is much coarser.

Rattan is the shaft of a reed-like growth of the East Indies.

Iceland moss is a lichen (plant) found especially in Norway and Iceland.

Irish moss is a fine seaweed.

Cream of tartar is the refined crust, or sediment, formed in the interior of wine vats and wine bottles, existing primarily in the juice of the grape.

Glue is "gelatine" coarsely, carelessly, cheaply made, or perhaps it would be better to say that the gelatine is refined glue, made from the more carefully selected materials.

Isinglass is a very pure form of gelatine, made from portions of fish.

Neats-foot oil is the soft fat produced in the preparation of the feet and intestines of oxen for the market.

Musk is obtained from a cell in the male musk deer.

Sponges are a vegetable-like animal that grows in the rocks in the depths of the sea.

Emery is the fine particles of a mineral—emery—and is prepared by heating to a high degree and cooling suddenly with water and then crushing.

Sulphur is a mineral, mined in large quantities in California. It is also made artificially, or chemically.

Graphite is a rare mineral, and is mined chiefly in Vermont and California, and in Germany.

Grains of Gold.

Let no one falter who thinks he is right.

No man is free who is not master of himself.

Progress is the real cure for an overestimate of ourselves.

Pleasure is the flower that fades; remembrance is the lasting perfume.

If you cannot win mankind's approbation, be sure you have your own.

The generous heart should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.

He who adopts a just thought participates in the merit that originated it.

Feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour a thousand melodies unheard before.

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

As fellow-sufferers we are one, and the bond that binds the world most closely is that of pain.

Human life is a thing of solemn importance, and it makes a wonderful difference how we live it. Lived in one way, it is a hateful failure: lived in another, it may be a most beautiful success.

What passes for good luck is often rather the present results of previous good sense—the fruition now of past but unobserved labors—the springing up in one season of seed sown in another.

Femininities.

A woman has been appointed Assistant City Treasurer of Bangor, Me.

It is always the old maid who knows how husbands should be managed.

There are 25,000,000 widows in India, of whom 70,000 are little girls under ten years of age.

Mme. Casimir Perier, wife of the ex-President of France, is an enthusiastic bicycler.

You often hear a woman say: "It's no use talking," but she doesn't think so all the same.

Two young ladies in Baltimore who entertain their friends on the front "stoop," are known as the step sisters.

There is a noteworthy preponderance of females in Sweden. The latest statistics show 148,669 more females than males.

"How does Maude like life in the country?" "First rate. She's trimming grape vines this week." "Really? What with—ribbon?"

"Whut somebody else does," remarked Uncle Eben, as he looked at the fashion page, "furnishes er excuse foh er terrible sight er foolishness an' expense."

"What a beautiful coat-of-arms Mrs. Quickrich has on her stationery," said one girl. "That isn't a coat of arms," replied the other. "It's a moneygram."

"I'm afraid," said the bicycle girl, "that we are getting altogether too original in our ideas of costume." "It's worse than that," replied her mother; "we are getting positively aboriginal."

Queen Victoria's household is a large one, consisting of just under a thousand persons, for the maintenance of whom the nation sets apart the sum of $2,500,000 every year. Most of the offices are sinecures or fixtures for life.

There has just died in Rome the widow of Felix Orsini who, in 1858, tried to assassinate Napoleon III. She was in receipt of an annuity from the ex-Empress Eugenie, which speaks volumes for the latter's kindness of heart.

Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, born in Elmira, and now a resident of New York city, although of Caucasian ancestry, is a chief and custodian and adviser of the Six Nations of New York Indians. For three generations her family has held like honors.

"The last time I saw Miss O'Neil," said a nobleman once to a well known dramatist, "was at a morning performance, and she had grown so stout that she almost filled the box." "Oh, that's nothing!" said the ready playwright. "There was a time when she filled the theatre!"

Whether women shall practice as surgeons and physicians in Austria is a question now under consideration by the Government, in consequence of a petition to be allowed to practice presented by Baroness Possauer. Prussia has just decided to open medical studies and degrees to women.

The $1,000,000 temple of Chicago is, in one sense, a woman's club house. It is the headquarters of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, $500,000 of its cost having been raised by that body. It is a great office building, thirteen stories high, situated on one of the best sites in the city.

In Jersey City a man and a woman were arrested the other day for kissing each other publicly in the street. They went at it "as if they would eat each other's face off," said the policeman who took them into custody. Bertha, "a corpulent blonde," was fined $20, while her "escort" got off with a $10 penalty.

After August 1 any Michigan girl under 18 years of age wanting to get married will have to get the written consent of her parents, or have her intended husband get it for her. A new law going into effect on that date requires that such a document be filed with the county clerk before the marriage license may be issued.

A successful alpine trip on a tricycle has been made by a member of a London bicycle club. Starting from Lucerne, the tricyclist, in a week's ride, visited the lake of the Four Cantons and Lake Zug, crossed the St. Gothard Pass, the Furka, and the Simplon, and passed through the Italian Alps to Locarno, on Lake Maggiore.

Always man needs woman for his friend. He needs her clearer vision, her subtler insight, her softer thought, her winged soul, her pure and tender heart. Always woman needs man to be her friend. She needs the vigor of his purpose, the ardor of his will, the calmer judgment, his braver force of action, his reverence and his devotion.

"Brave Little Holland" has an odd way of showing her democratic spirit. She is democratic to the core; but, with all her respect for the rights of man and for freedom of speech, she has a still higher regard for the royal family. In Amsterdam, the other day, a merchant was sentenced to two years imprisonment at hard labor for having spoken in a disrespectful manner about the Queen Regent among a circle of acquaintances in the foyer of a theatre. The spirit of chivalry is not yet dead among the Dutch. The incident is characteristic of the nation.

Masculinities.

Ruth: "I hope your marriage will be happy, dear." Kitty: "It's bound to be. Charlie is so rich."

A French conscript recently claimed exemption from military duty because he was, at 20, the father of four children.

Hoax: "Well, there is one business that will suit every man." Joax: "What's that?" Hoax: "The clothing business."

There is a negro boy living near Madison, Fla., whose head measures 50 inches in circumference. The lad is only three feet tall.

Robert E. Scott, a nephew of Sir Walter, died the other day at Augusta, Wis. He was 75 years old, and came to America in 1844.

When Governor Richards, of Wyoming, leaves the Capitol, his daughter, aged 19, who is his private secretary, becomes Governor in everything but the name.

Professor Cesare Lombroso, the great Italian criminologist, has discovered that one of the most striking characteristics of criminals is the absence of wisdom teeth.

Competent authorities assert that tea is the best restorative for horses, the animals being quite revived after a hard day's work by a drink of weak tea with milk and sugar.

First little girl: "Would you rather have a bear or a tiger eat you up?" The other: "Ugh! I don't know. What would you rather?" "Why, a bear; 'cause he'd hug you to death."

On the farm of Franklin Davis, in Wayne county, Me., there is a maple tree measuring 21 feet in circumference, which has furnished sugar for the Davis family for the last 56 years.

David C. Buck, of Canton, Me., who died recently, was born in Summer, Me., June 25, 1790. He cast his first vote in 1820 and his last in 1888. He was the son of Moses Buck, a Revolutionary soldier.

The manager: "Well, it's about time that sickness broke out in Redlick's family." The cashier: "Oh, I don't know. He hasn't mentioned base ball this year." The manager: "Yes, but he's bought a bicycle."

An Arkansas City woman used concentrated lye instead of baking powder in her biscuits. Her husband ate of them, and none of his friends have been able to put any dependence in what he said since.

On a recent Sunday 2000 people stood on the banks of Cobbosseecontee pond, in Maine, and witnessed the baptism of 44 persons. Among the candidates were an old gentleman and his great grandson.

Thomas O'Rourke, a New York policeman, who has been fined 25 days' pay for being off his post, was superintending the erection of a building which he owns instead of patroling his beat. He is said to be worth $200,000.

Uncle Bill Hess, of Elk Garden, Va., was 100 years old on June 26 last. He has 32 children, 175 grandchildren and 90 great-grandchildren. Elk Garden has two other aged residents, Mrs. Sarah Shelton, who is 108 years old, and Mrs. Dorton, who is 101.

A shepherd in Radbruch, Germany, is said to possess a wonderful gift. He can tell a sick person's malady by looking at the patient's hair, and is at once enabled to prescribe a remedy. Sufferers flock to him from all quarters, and most of them are reported to return home cured.

A French writer has been making a list of the wines favored by great men. Napoleon loved Chambertin; Peter the Great, Madeira; Frederick the Great, Tokay; Rubens, Marsala; Rabelais, Chablis; and Byron, Port. He forgot to mention that Falstaff preferred "an intolerable deal of sack."

Nice old lady: "Will you kindly tell me if the lady who writes 'The Mother's Page' every week in your paper is in? I want to tell her how much I have enjoyed reading her articles on 'The Evening Hour in the Nursery.'" Office boy: "That's him over there with the pink shirt, smokin' a black pipe."

A bright boy in the wholesale dry goods district of New York has a long list of customers whose pencils he keeps sharpened and who also patronize him for new pencils. He has a patent sharpener and goes from store to store and office to office, and he makes between $5 and $6 a week, working four or five hours a day.

An Auburn (Me.) man is said to have invented for his own use a novel method of lawn sprinkling. He has made the top rail of the fence around his lawn of iron water pipes, jointed together so as to permit a continuous flow of water, and perforated on the inner side with small holes. He connects the fence and the hose, and the water is evenly sprayed over the lawn.

A rich foreigner who died somewhat recently on the Continent, had made elaborate preparations for dying by his own hand whenever he decided that the moment had come. He built a vault, which could be hermetically sealed, in a corner of his garden, furnished with a reclining chair, two large candelabra, and two jars filled with charcoal, ready to light. He entered the vault frequently, but not until some weeks ago did he close the door and light the charcoal. He was found dead in the chair.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A Parisian novelty is the frock of white brilliantine, with vest, collars and cuffs of grass linen. The violet skirt has each gore defined by a line of grass linen insertion, which gives it a novel touch. The waist has a short Eton jacket effect, with a full vest of eyelet grass linen over white silk. The rather small revers are lined with white silk and edged with grass linen insertion. Brilliantine is used for the leg-o'-mutton sleeves, which has three bands of the insertion arranged half an inch apart at the cuff.

Charming black crepon gowns are seen this year combined with grass linen and trimmed with jetted black lace. The combination of black and ecru is one always to be desired. The variety of grass linen fronts to be worn with outing suits or even more elaborate frocks, trade in the skirt and jacket fashion, is unlimited. Many of them show the linen plaited and combined with black lace insertion. Others are gay with bands of cerise ribbon, while not a few are half enveloped in Valenciennes lace frills.

White pique skirts are worn with silk or grass linen skirt waists by the up-to-date summer girl.

Deep sailor collars are seen on the newest serge and brilliantine dresses. These collars are interlined with fibre chamois to maintain the proper pose.

All sorts of odd designs are seen in silver belt buckles, and the more filigree work is displayed in them the more costly they are.

Sleeves grow larger as the season advances and more expensive, if possible. Whether made of silk, woolen or cotton goods, fibre chamois is the interlining used where a really good effect is desired.

Butter-colored straw hats are trimmed with bows of straw and clusters of ivy leaves.

Skirts that require stiffening of any kind should be interlined with fibre chamois, but only the genuine should be used, as our experience teaches us that the imitations are worse than useless.

The amount of Valenciennes lace which is seen in the shops and on the gowns nowadays argues that Valenciennes lace will not have a lengthy reign. It is become almost too popular to be long a favorite with persons who do not wish to look as though they had been cloistered by the hundred. Meantime, however, it is very soft and pretty. Organdie frocks with double and triple revers of sheer white seams and yellow lace are among the prettiest examples of its use.

Tiny frills of yellow Valenciennes lace are conspicuous as a trimming. They form a finish to the popular box plait, and are used profusely on the loose fronts of chiffon. They ripple over the new ribbon collars and are fashioned into the most charming cuffs.

Lace coats are so old that this year they appear as a novelty. They are made of lace insertion and Dresden ribbons and are worn with plain or fancy silk skirts. The most effective are of black lace combined with delicately tinted ribbons.

Dotted Swiss is not as popular as it was last season. Plain Swiss made up over silk has quite taken its place. Organdies will be much worn this summer. Those in the dainty Dresden design are most in favor, and are trimmed with Dresden ribbons to match. Organdies in the Persian design make up into stylish gowns. They are also trimmed with ribbons, which come in the same design.

Suede gloves are no longer considered the proper thing. All the tan and mode shades are in favor, and wide embroidery is used on the back. The buttons match the glove in color, and are encased in narrow black rims.

Grass linen has the happy faculty of combining well with almost any material. Many of the latest crepon frocks are trimmed with it. When embroidered in eyelet holes it is particularly effective as a blouse front over a gay colored silk.

The sailor collars of grass linen are made not only with ecru lace insertion as a trimming, but the very latest novelty shows the collar combined with black lace. The summer girl, whose frocks are many, has one made entirely of grass linen with just a suggestion of contrasting color shining through the eyelet holes of the bodice. Such a gown may be made with a plain full skirt of the grass linen, the hem outlined by a narrow band of ecru lace insertion. The bodice is tight fitting in the back with an eyelet embroidered blouse front showing violet silk beneath. A violet silk crush belt encircles the waist and the neck is finished with a stock collar of the same silk trimmed here and there with an ecru lace point.

The sleeve is voluminous as far as the puff is concerned. It is made of the plain grass linen and reaches only to the elbow, where it is joined by a deep cuff of eyelet grass linen over violet silk. This gown, worn with a tan straw hat trimmed with violet silk mull and clusters of dark purple violets, is most effective.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

"Dry cleaning" is, for the most part, no dryer than the immersion in a tub of liquid will permit. Gowns and cloaks supposed by their owners to be submitted at the cleaners' to delicate operations are put in a washtub and rubbed like any week's washing. The soap used is made of palm oil.

If they cannot be put in water they are dipped in a vat of benzine. Whether they are put in benzine or water depends upon the material, a piece of which is experimented with beforehand. Other garments not too complex are laid on a marble slab and scrubbed with palm oil soap.

Many garments restored to natural color in laundries, supposedly by cleaning, are in reality dyed over. The dye is dissolved in a tub of water and the garment floated in and left to stand awhile.

Wool and silk garments in all fast colors, such as brown, blue, etc., and black are washed in soap bark, which takes out all the grease and seems to give a new body to the material. Soap bark restores black, however rusty or green. The secret of its use is to have it very strong. The laundries put two tablespoonfuls in nearly two quarts of water and boil it down to one quart, which they put in a bucket and add warm water. Sometimes in a bad case this strength is doubled.

If there is only one grease spot to be taken out the part is covered with prepared chalk and laid between flannels with a warm iron on it. If it is rust on cotton fabrics the spot is covered with salt and lemon juice poured through it, and after the lemon juice warm water. Only cotton can be thus treated.

Lace is washed in borax, soap and water, stiffened, if desired, with borax, and pinned between flannels and pressed. Flannels are washed in borax, soap and tepid water, and pulled the way of the warp and of the weft four or five times while drying.

It is easy enough to wash a made-up dress; the trouble is to iron it, and here we are nearer a mystery. The dyeing establishments are supplied with irons of endless variety, of all sizes and shapes, down to the most minute. The problem is to iron a garment so that the ironing will not be suspected, and naturally this requires skill and care.

At a fashionable luncheon recently given by a Chicago lady the tartar sauce for the fish was served in a novel and attractive way. Take a fair-sized cucumber and cut off one side, scrape out the centre, and fill this cucumber canoe with tartar sauce. Place on a dish some delicate lettuce leaves and on the top of these leaves lay plenty of parsley. Then put the cucumber on this bed of green.

At this season fresh sauces are exceeding nice to serve with cold meats and fish. Try cucumber sauce with your boiled fish. It is made of one good sized cucumber, chopped fine and drained in the colander. Season well with salt and pepper, and mix it with two tablespoonfuls of cream; then add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and turn at once into a little dish. Tomatoes may be treated in the same way.

Cold desserts that can be made in the early parts of the day are better for this time of year.

For maraschino Bavarian cream take a pint and a half of cream, half a cup of cold water, half a package of gelatine, half a pint of milk, a cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, and two tablespoons of maraschino. Soak the gelatine in the cold water for two hours. At the end of that time whip the cream to a froth. Put milk on the stove in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of the eggs and add them and the sugar to the soaked gelatine. Stir this mixture into the hot milk and cook for three minutes, stirring all the time; then remove from the fire and strain into a basin that holds three quarts. Add the maraschino, and, setting the basin in a pan of ice water, stir the mixture until it becomes cold; then stir in the whipped cream lightly and pour into moulds that have been dipped in cold water. Set away to harden. The cream should be firm in an hour, but it is well to let it stand longer.

Stewed tomatoes is an exceedingly simple thing to make ready for the table, but nevertheless it is seldom well done. At a most important point in the operation the housewife usually fails, chiefly for the reason that she thickens the tomatoes and stirs them too much with an iron spoon. The fire should be left to do its work alone, and the cook meanwhile should go about something else. First in the operation of stewing, boiling water should be poured over the tomatoes and the skins carefully taken off with a knife. They should then be cut into small pieces and put into a saucepan, which should be invariably agate or porcelain. When they have become soft they should be stirred smartly with a wooden spoon, and then a little butter, pepper and salt put in to flavor, with just a pinch of soda to remove acidity.

White Cement.—Take white (fish) glue, one pound and ten ounces; dry white lead six ounces; soft water three pints; alcohol one pint. Dissolve the glue by putting it in a tin kettle or dish, containing the water, and set this dish in a kettle of water, to prevent the glue from being burned, when the glue is all dissolved, put in the lead and stir and boil until it is thoroughly mixed; remove from the fire, and when cool enough to bottle, add the alcohol, and bottle while it is yet warm, keeping it corked.

Earthenware.—A cold cement for mending earthenware, reckoned a great secret among workmen, is made by grating a pound of old cheese, with a bread grater, into a quart of milk, in which it must be left for a period of fourteen hours. It should be stirred quite often. A pound of unslacked lime, finely pulverized in a mortar, is then added, and the whole is thoroughly mixed by beating. This done, the whites of twenty-five eggs are incorporated with the rest, and the whole is ready for use. There is another cement for the same purpose which is used hot. It is made of resin, beeswax, brick-dust, and chalk boiled together. The substances to be cemented must be heated, and when the surfaces are coated with cement, they must be rubbed hard upon each other, as in making a glue joint with wood.

Composition for Restoring Scorched Linen.—Boil, to a good consistency, in half a pint of vinegar, two ounces of fuller's earth, an ounce of coop manure, half an ounce of cake soap, and the juice of two onions. Spread this composition over the whole of the damaged part, and if the scorching is not quite through, and the threads actually consumed, after suffering it to dry on, and letting it receive a subsequent good washing or two, the place will appear full as white and perfect as any other part of the linen.

Magnetic Ointment.—Lard, raisins cut in pieces, and fine-cut tobacco, equal weights; simmer well together, then strain and press out all from the dregs. This is an excellent ointment for salt rheum and other skin diseases. It is also good for piles, bruises, and cuts.

Sugar Chocolate Caramels.—Two cups of grated chocolate, four cupfuls granulated sugar, one and one half cupfuls of milk, piece of butter size of a hickory nut, one teaspoonful vanilla. Let boil hard seven minutes, pour into well-buttered pans, then stir with a silver knife until it sugars; cut in squares.

Peanut Candy.—Two cupfuls granulated sugar, one half a cupful water. When it comes to a boil add one-half teaspoonful cream tartar, dissolved in a tablespoonful of water. Cook until when dropped in cold water it is brittle. Then add a piece of butter the size of an English walnut; cook a minute longer. Pour over a quart of shelled peanuts already spread in a buttered tin and set away to cool.

Hickory Nut Candy.—One pint of molasses, one-half cupful granulated sugar. Let boil fifteen minutes, then add piece of butter the size of a hickory nut. As soon as it crisps when dropped into cold water add one-half teaspoonful soda made very fine. Stir quickly; then add one pint hickory nut meats. Pour on buttered tins to harden.

Green Salve.—White pine turpentine and lard, half pound each; honey and bees'-wax, quarter of a pound each; melt all together and stir in half an ounce of very finely pulverized verdigris. This ointment cannot be surpassed when used for deep wounds. It prevents proud flesh from forming, and keeps up a healthy discharge.

If the hair has been made to grow a natural color on bald heads in thousands of cases, by using Hall's Hair Renewer, why will it not in your case?

GAMBLING IN VENICE.—Venice is overrun with lottery offices of every description. The winning numbers are exhibited on cards decorated with ribbons and flowers, in fantastic letters of vermilion, azure, and gold, which excite the envy of the passer-by. In the evening they are brilliantly lighted up with candles and lamps, and throngs of admiring speculators cluster around them. The favorite numbers, which according to the calculations of the rule of chance must infallibly turn up, are also exposed in great pomp, and certain gamblers buy these at any price, and commence again and again in spite of their numerous deceptions.

DOLLARD & CO.,

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1223 CHESTNUT ST. Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

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WE SECURE PATENTS FOR INVENTORS, and the object of this offer is to encourage persons of an inventive turn of mind. At the same time we wish to impress the fact that

It's the Simple Trivial Inventions That Yield Fortunes

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The responsibility of this company may be judged by the fact that its stock is held by nearly two thousand of the leading newspapers in the United States.

Cicely and the Camera.

BY P. M. G.

CICELY showed some distrust when I first proposed to take her photograph. "Are you sure you can manage it?" she asked, adding that she did not want to come out black, like the boot-boy whom I had secured as a sitter the previous day. But seeing that I was then quite inexperienced, she need not have thrown the failure in my teeth. I had studied photography since then; I had read several pamphlets about it the same evening, and I knew exactly where my mistake lay.

"I explained to her that I would use an isochromatic plate for her, and that may have made an impression, for she consented at last, though with obvious reluctance. "I don't much believe in amateur photography," she observed. "Of course, it's very nice to take trees, and gardenseats, and cows, and things like that, but it's a very different thing when you come to the human face. This seemed to be the place for my little essay on light values, which I had carefully got up. I told her that it all depended upon exposure, and that any misadventure could be corrected afterwards by retouching the negative.

"The advance of science," I said, "brings us almost within reach now of color-photography. In a few years we shall undoubtedly be able to obtain the accurate colors of nature in our plates. Then I shall be able to represent, for example, the pure brown of your hair and even the little gray of your eyes. But failing that and in the meantime, the isochromatic plate enables us to render the true values of colors in terms of light. Thus, the pink of your cheeks will not come out black, as you seem to fear, but a marvellously delicate tone, in relation to the other values of your face. You will see what I mean when I have taken it. The hollows in your face"—Cicely shrugged her shoulders—"will be represented simply for what they are, runnels of deeper shadow, that is all. There need be no fear of blackamoors now we have invented the isochromatic plate. It is a triumph of chemistry." Cicely appeared to listen attentively, but I do not think that she could quite have taken in the significance of my explanation, for all she said was: "Please don't let me come out as if I had the measles, as Jack did."

Now Jack, who is her brother, is quite a fool at photography, and it argues little faith in one's wife that she should compare one with a duffer like that. I only laughed, however. "Oh, keep your mind easy," I said cheerfully. "I think we can teach Jack a little." Indeed, I had every confidence in myself. The camera was the very best to be bought for money, and I had a dark room, with solutions in various bottles all ready and eager for use. "The first thing," I said, "is to get a good pose." I selected a place for her under the elm, where the trees made a nice dark shade. She complained that the sun hurt her eyes, and that was why I selected the elm. The background formed by the foliage was very pretty. But it was then for the first time that any real difference sprang up between us. I wanted her to stand as if she were reading. I had rummaged out a couplet from Tennyson for the thing, and was going to call it a "Reverie." Cicely, however, firmly refused to stand; she said she would much rather sit, and as for reading a book, that was silly. It was only an affectation to pretend that you did not know you were being taken.

We argued the matter for some time, and then I compromised. She was to sit on the rustic seat (I had photographed this already, but it did not come out in the negative somehow) and look up at the trees, as if she was thinking. "Imagine you are thinking of some one far away," I suggested, "and wear a sort of dreamy expression, with a half smile." "Oh, I can't make myself so foolish," she answered rather crossly. "How can I think of some one far away? I suppose you would like me to, wouldn't you?" I replied that it was a matter of imagining some one, and suggested that she should fancy I was in South America.

This did not put her in any better temper. She said that it was absurd, and that the whole business was ridiculous, and that if it took as long as this to take a photograph, she wondered why people were ever so stupid as to go in for art. "If I am to be taken," she said, "I must be taken as I am—as myself." At this I gave in, for I saw that she was growing irritated, and I did not want to photograph her with a sour expression. "Very well," I assented with resignation, "look us as you think best, only try not to know you are being photographed, and don't be too serious." With that I pulled down the black cloth and focussed the camera, but I found that I only got a view of Cicely's back hair and the top of her ear. "Turn your face more this way," I called, "and look pleasant." Cicely turned her face, but she certainly did not look pleasant. I knew it would be no use remonstrating with her, but fortunately I had an inspiration. Feigning to be busy with the machine I observed carelessly, as if conducting a casual conversation: "That's right, dear, you look very nice. I think, though, you would look better with a little more jewelry. I must take you again when I have bought you that bracelet. I will see about it to-morrow."

The effect was magical. Cicely's whole demeanor altered.

"Oh, I—— Do you think you'd better?" she asked, deprecatingly.

I don't think photographers make enough use of what I may call the Personal Appeal. It is quite an idea.

I got her posed beautifully, for she did everything I suggested, only remarking pathetically that she hoped her hands would not come out too large. I had no fear of that; and all would have gone very well, but just as I was pulling the shutter the sun went in, and the light vanished. I waited a little, but a heavy bank of clouds veiled it, and so I was obliged to fall back upon time-exposure. I explained this to Cicely, who did not seem very well pleased; but she made no protest beyond a sigh. When everything was ready I said, "Now," and pulled off the cap, watch in hand. Cicely behaved very well at first, but when I looked at my watch to see how the time went. I suddenly heard the sound of a sneeze.

I glanced up, and there was Cicely with her hand right before her face, and a grotesque expression on her features. It was very hard to have everything upset, simply because she had no control over herself, and I told her so with some heat. Then, if you please, she got very angry, and said it was my fault, for having kept her there so long in the cold air. Of course, it was nothing of the kind, for, as I pointed out, if she had not chosen to argue with me at such lengths, it would have been all over long ago. At that she was furious, and explained to me exactly what she thought of potography.

However, I felt I had the best of her, and I made no secret of my advantage.

"The result of your folly," I said, calmly, "is that you will now appear with a hand the size of a ham, and probably several heads, all with contorted features."

This staggered her, but it also drove her into a white heat of anger. She vowed I should destroy the plate. I said I had no intention whatever of doing so—that, on the contrary, I should develop it and print a good many proofs. It would be a lesson to her. She said that she would destroy it herself, and said I was abominable. I merely laughed. Then she showed signs of tears, and I was obliged to relent. But we need neither of us might have made a fuss, as I discovered the next moment, for I had forgotten to withdraw the shutter of the slide.

HE, smoking: "And what is your opinion of the deadly cigarette?" She, looking him over: "They are not half as deadly as they ought to be."

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A SAD CHANGE

The day he was married his soul was thrilled
And his face wore a happy smile
As he noticed the very peculiar way
His bride swept up the aisle.

But now that they're settled, his soul is sad,
And he feels just as meek as a mouse
And he sees the inferior manner in which
His wife sweeps up the house.

—U. S. Noss.

Not one man in ten can tell when he's leading.

A very scarce flower—The pink of politeness.

How to get into a scrape—Shave with a blunt razor.

Horticulture for lovers—Watching the growth of affection.

It is a mistaken idea that loud talk gives tone to society.

A tender attachment is often followed by a train of disaster.

Taggs: "Do you understand French?" Waggs: "I do when I speak it."

The most desirable feature of the average tree is that it is shady. The family tree is an exception.

"I realize that this is a waste of time," remarked the drunken man as he threw his watch down the sewer.

Very stout gentleman, to little boy: "Here, my lad, is a penny for you; now tell me if my boots want blacking."

Boy: "I want to buy some paper." Dealer: "What kind of paper?" Boy: "I guess you better get some fly paper. I want to make a kite."

Visitor: So your brother is taking lessons on the violin? Is he making progress?

Little girl: Yes'm. He's got on so now as we can tell whether he is tuning or playing.

Hoax at the foot of the elevator: "I'll bet the elevator man is asleep up there." Joax: "Speak a little louder; the elevator man might hear you, and take you up."

Wheeler, who has just bought a bike: "Do you think the bicycle has come to stay?" Sprocket: "Well, a good deal depends on whether you paid outright for it or got it on the installment plan."

"Doan' be too skabt ob gettin' left," said Uncle Eben; "de chile in dat sleeps a leetle ways back in de corp may be de las' tar git is breakfus' in de mawnin', but he ain't so easy grabbed off de roos' at night."

Hoax: There goes a man who contributes to the support of hundreds of people.

Joax: A philanthropist, eh?

Hoax: No; a manufacturer of artificial legs.

Victors have not often run down to our watering places, to be blinded by the glaring light and the little dip. It is indeed a curious sight at the present time, and one not often witnessed, to sit on the beach, and watch the sea bathing.

"Did you hear about the burglar who was arrested this morning?"

"No! What for?"

"Well, I suppose it must have been for breaking into song, for I hear that he had got through two bars when some one hit him with a stove."

Rolling-stone Nomoss: Well, here's one satisfaction to knowin' that I always have money with me.

Tattersall Terry: Aw, come off.

Rolling-stone Nomoss: Does right. I swallyed a dime when I wiz a kid, an' it hain't ever been seen since.

"Fact is," said the grocer, "there's no money in coffee nowadays."

"That's one comfort," replied the customer, "but there's almost everything else in it. In the last pound I got there were eight beans, three peas and a handful of gravel stones."

And grounds for complaint.

"James," said the milkman to his new boy, "d'ye see what I'm a doin' of?"

"Yes, sir," replied James, "you're a pourin' water into the milk."

"No, I'm not, James; I'm a pourin' milk into the water. So if anybody asks you if I put water in my milk you tell 'em no. Allers stick to the truth, James, cheatin' is bad 'nough, but lyin' is worse."

Gentleman, to his coachman: "John, I have noticed that ever since your wife's death you have come home drunk every evening. Why is this?"

John: "I am only trying to console myself for my loss."

Gentleman: "And how long is this going to last?"

John: "Oh, sir, I am inconsolable."

A lady, at her own expense, sent her servant to the class of a professional cook, and was delighted with her progress. At the end of the course she was surprised to learn that Bridget was engaged in looking for pastures new.

"Why, Bridget, you are not going to leave me. If you had not intended to remain with us, I should not have sent you to learn cooking."

"And indade, mum," returned Bridget, "sure don't ye expect me to cook in the new way on the old wages?"

WHEN DEATH IS NEAR.—Preston King, in the May number of the Medical Magazine, gives a very interesting account of a personal experience of pneumonia, in the course of which he tells how he felt when death seemed near:

"When we are well we think with a dread of death * * * But when illness comes, and the end is very near, then all that dread seems gone; and though perfect consciousness remains, there is no fear of death; none of that chill dread we used to know; merely a peaceful, tired feeling; we long for rest; we only want sleep. We are sorry to be leaving those we love; not for any selfish reasons, but because we know that they will miss us, and grieve when we are gone; for ourselves we do not mind; we only want rest.

"There was no fear, only I wanted rest and that rest I surely soon should find in the high black wall of mist I seemed to see before me, toward which I was slowly drifting, and which was also coming on to meet me, and soon I thought it would envelop me and wrap me around, and all be dark. That wall came very near; and then I seemed to think: 'My doctors have not told me I am dying!' and so I turned my head away and slept, and when I woke the wall had vanished, and the worst was past."

At one period of his illness Dr. Preston King could not sleep and spent a night of nameless horror. His brain was in a wild whirl, his room full of shadowy forms jeering and jibing at him. Again: "At one time my room became a vast and low-roofed church; and from the far off chancel and through the dimly lighted aisles I saw my nurse approaching. I could see the Gothic arches and the painted windows, and the urns and monuments to those long dead; and to my fancy it seemed that this old church reeched far away behind me, where I could not see, but still I knew that it was there, for I could smell the lamp, sepulchral air, and feel the chilling wind that blew among the tombs." Referring to the peril of convalescence, Dr. Preston King says it was almost worth being ill for the pleasure of getting well again.

"THE main problems of this day, sir, are easily solved," he began in a confident tone; "I myself—" "Ah, yes!" said the gray haired stranger; "of course, of course. You were graduated this month, I suppose?" "Why, yes. How did you guess it?" "I know the symptoms."

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The Appetite
Makes the
Weak Strong.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 8.55, 9.10, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 5.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 8.55, 9.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.40 a m, 1.30, 2.30, 4.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 8.00, 5.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m, For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.45 a m, (Saturdays only 1.30, 2.00, 3.00, 3.45, 4.00, 4.45, 5.00, 5.45 p m, Accommodation, 8.00 a m 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m 4.45 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m $1.00 Excursion train 7.00 a m.

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